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A MEMOIR

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1912.

TO

ALL SINGERS AND WORKERS IN

THE MUSICAL COMPETITION FESTIVALS,

PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

"For if her soul
Hath entered others, though imperfectly,
The circle widens as the world spins round,—
Her soul works on while she sleeps 'neath the grass."

"Music is possessed of a strange power to those who love her; an elevating, somewhat awing influence gathers round her; the love of a lifetime is not good enough for her, the enthusiasm of a life's work is a very small tribute to her."

Mary Wakefield.

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PREFACE.

In writing this account of Mary Wakefield I have kept two main objects in view: first to leave, not only for her many friends, but for those to whom she can never be more than a name, some intimate recollection of her work and personality; secondly to vindicate her claim to be regarded as the originator of the Competition Festival movement. While writing the book, I have been increasingly impressed by the conviction that a life so fully and intensely lived, and so scantily recorded in journals and letters, could only have been satisfactorily dealt with in the form of an autobiography. Had Mary Wakefield been spared to us a few years longer it is possible that she would have left us this—in her case especially—best of all memorials. The vision of what she, with her ardent sympathies and shrewd, humorous outlook on the world, could have made of such a book, forces me to realize the comparative lifelessness of my own inadequate substitute. That up to the time of her death she was too fully occupied to spare time for writing her reminiscences is a matter for endless regret. Failing her autobiography, I commend this brief Memoir to all who have enjoyed, or will enjoy, the fruits of her labours.

It only remains for me to thank those who helped me to compile this volume. To Mary Wakefield's sisters I am grateful for the confidence reposed in me, and for the freedom of judgment they have allowed me to exercise in the course of my work. My acknowledgments are also due to Lady Bective, Mrs. Gurney (Miss Dolly Blomfield), Miss Alice de Natorp, Miss Marion Terry, Mrs. Rough (Miss Maribel Sedgwick), Miss Stella Hamilton, and Mr. George Rathbone for their kind and sympathetic help.

To this list should be added the name of Signor Randegger who, not long before his death in November, 1911, took an active interest in the preparation of this book.

London, February, 1912.

MARY WAKEFIELD

A MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

MARY WAKEFIELD'S QUAKER DESCENT. HER PARENTS. BIRTH. CHILDHOOD. SEDGWICK. SCHOOLDAYS AT BRIGHTON.

No biography of Mary Wakefield that dealt only with her musical talents and achievements could give a complete and just impression of her remarkable personality. Although her gifts as a musician were of so high an order that we need hardly hesitate to say that the light of genius touched, if it did not wholly irradiate them, yet her character was even more remarkable. It was impossible to know her intimately without gathering the impression that her personality was greater than anything that circumstances actually allowed her to accomplish. There is no doubt in the minds of those who remember her singing at its best, and who are also competent to judge of it, that had she elected to follow at all costs the impulse of her early years, and devote her whole life to music, she might have become one of the leading singers of the day. The force of social convention hindered her, however, from becoming known to posterity in company with those who stand in the first rank among professional vocalists. The memorial she built for herself in the world of music is perhaps less brilliant, but it rests on a surer foundation than that of the singer's fame. Her truly democratic and nobly educative work in connection with the inauguration of Competition Musical Festivals in rural districts, was, in part, the suggestion of her artistic temperament; but still more the outcome of certain characteristic qualities. Her untiring energy, mental and physical, her infectious enthusiasm for her art; her tact and sympathy, which enabled her to weld together all sorts and conditions of people for the fulfilment of a great purpose; her large views of life; her genuine sense of humour, that saved

her from the mistakes so frequently perpetrated by those who have a mission, spiritual or æsthetic—these were the qualities that enabled her to found a movement which has rapidly become a force to be reckoned with in our national life.

Mary Wakefield's musical gifts seem to have been almost spontaneous, for there is no record of any member of her family having been extraordinarily endowed in this respect; but her character was largely an inheritance from many generations in whom courage, business capacity and liberality were leading qualities. For this reason it is necessary to preface this memoir of my friend with some account of her forbears, especially of those who came of Quaker stock.

It is said that for at least six generations the Wakefields have been established in Westmorland. An old Quaker family, they were constantly identified with the long and stubborn struggles for liberty of faith and conscience which had been carried on in this district since the days when George Fox started his ministry at Swarthmoor, near Ulverston ; holding his first meeting of Friends at the house of Judge Fell in 1652. These Wakefields, however much their individual characters and tempers differed in certain respects, were all known for their strong commonsense, their helpful generosity, and loyal attachment to their native county. They combined with their business as bankers and manufacturers the occupations of landowners on a large scale. Party politics seem to have had no attraction for them, and in spite of the weight they carried in their own district, none of them seems to have been ambitious of writing M.P. after his name. In the improvement of agriculture, and in all benevolent and educational schemes, the Wakefields were always to the front. They were not all equally strict adherents to the tenets of the Friends ; but Quakerism was the bed-rock on which their convictions were founded, and an active principle in their daily lives. Perhaps for the purposes of this memoir it is unnecessary to trace back the history of the family beyond Roger Wakefield, born in 1706, the father of the first John Wakefield, who came into the world in 1738. Mary Wakefield's great-grandfather, John Wakefield II., of Sedgwick, was the founder of the bank which bore their name from 1788 until 1893, when it was acquired by the Bank of Liverpool, Ltd., from Mr. Jacob Wakefield and his partners. Her grandfather, the third successive

John Wakefield, one of six children, was a warm supporter of the cause of the Friends, and a successful manager of the Bank. Born in 1794, he was educated at Glasgow University, and eventually married Miss MacArthur, a native of that city. He died in 1866, at the age of seventy-one. Like the previous John Wakefield, he had a family of six children, four of whom survived: William Henry, Mary Wakefield's father; and three daughters who may be occasionally referred to in these pages, Mrs. Cropper, Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Keightley.

Another remarkable member of the family, though only by marriage, Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, the founder of the Frugality Banks, which were the origin of the modern Savings Bank, must be mentioned before we pass on to later generations; not only because Mary Wakefield cherished the traditions relating to this clear-sighted and benevolent woman, of whom she often spoke to me in later years, being perhaps a little consciously influenced by her example, but also because she herself intended at some future time to compile some memorial of this interesting personality.

Priscilla Wakefield, the eldest daughter of Daniel Bell and Catharine Barclay, and granddaughter of Robert Barclay who wrote the famous *Apology for the Quakers,* was born at Tottenham, on January 31st, 1751. She married Edward Wakefield, merchant, of London, the son of a younger brother of Roger Wakefield.

A history of the Savings Bank system would be out of place in these pages. It will be sufficient to say that in the first instance Priscilla Wakefield, convinced that many of the labouring classes and domestic servants were ready to make some provision for sickness and old age did they but know where to place it without danger or inconvenience, determined to do something practical, if limited in scope, to remedy a want which led to thriftlessness and pauperism. She began, in 1798, by being herself the bank, the trustee and receiver of the money paid in. Later on, Mrs. Wakefield becoming uneasy because the deposits had swelled into some hundreds of pounds, presently resolved to divide her responsibilities, and formed a committee of ladies, herself acting as secretary.

Priscilla Wakefield was not entirely occupied with the scheme I have just described in outline. In spite of physical disabilities, her range of interests was wide and her pen

active. She was the aunt of the famous Mrs. Elizabeth Fry and the intimate friend of Mrs. Barbauld. Among her frequent visitors at Tottenham were the Rev. Dr. Bell, the originator of National Schools, and Joseph Lancaster, in whose system of mutual education she took a practical interest. Above all she was anxious to raise the status of her own sex, and wrote a treatise entitled "Reflections on the present Condition of the Female Sex, with suggestions for its Improvement." She closed her long life of benevolent activity on September 12th, 1832, in her eighty-second year, at the house of her married daughter, Mrs. Head, of Albion Hill, Ipswich.

This digression from my principal subject is more excusable than may appear at first sight, because, as this memoir proceeds, we can hardly avoid drawing comparisons between Priscilla Wakefield's valuable and unostentatious social work and the equally helpful social activity of her distant relative, Mary, in a later generation.

Mr. William Henry Wakefield was born at Broughton Lodge, near Cartmel, May 18th, 1828. He was the only son, surviving to manhood, of John Wakefield, the third of that name, who moved to Sedgwick on the death of his father, about 1830, and lived there until his own demise in 1866. William Henry Wakefield was quite a young man when he entered the Kendal Bank and shared in its management. In 1851 he married Miss Augusta Hagarty, daughter of Mr. James Hagarty, American Consul to Liverpool. Although described in the official documents connected with his appointment as "James Hagarty of New York," he was actually of Irish extraction, and born near Staunton, Augusta County, Virginia, in 1789. Before becoming consul at Liverpool, he had been engaged in similar services in Paris and Madrid. His wife was born in 1807, in Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A., and apparently about 1818 her family migrated to Liverpool and carried on their business there as cotton merchants. Her maiden name was Richards, and she married Mr. Hagarty in 1826. Although in her portrait, which hangs in the great hall at Sedgwick, she is represented as seated at an old-fashioned square piano, there is no tradition of her having been particularly musical. But Mary Wakefield always declared she must have inherited some of her sense of humour and the more mercurial elements of her nature from these Irish-American ancestors.

Mary's father was a typical Wakefield, a man of quick decision and prompt action ; straightforward in speech and in dealing ; undismayed by responsibility and unfailingly hospitable. Although an excellent business man, he found time for active open-air pursuits, and was known as a fine swimmer and skater, a first-rate whip and a fearless rider across country. His enjoyment of life must have been full-blooded and complete. At the same time he was simply and sincerely religious without mysticism. A man who " served his generation by the will of God," William Henry Wakefield was not a born Quaker, his parents being Church people, but he had more than a touch of the Puritan in his nature, and could act up to the role of " stern parent " on occasion.

Mary's mother was a strong and original personality, with a quiet sense of humour, who unobtrusively, but surely, made her influence sensible in her own circle. In her appreciation of fun, and in her capacity for frank but sympathetic criticism Mary must have resembled her, and also perhaps in that warmth and protective tenderness to which it would be difficult to do justice in these pages. A friend who often saw them together tells me she always came away with the impression that the tie between mother and daughter was unusually strong and perfect. " When I knew Mrs. Wakefield," she says, " she was more or less an invalid, and seemed to me rather an onlooker at the life that went on around her than an active participator in it. She lived a great deal in her own rooms, but I always felt as though she were actually behind everything that took place. Mary was a true north-country woman in her love for her own people and her own home ; but she had passionate interests that pulled her in various directions. Her mother was for her a centre to which she gladly returned to rest amid the many activities and excitements of her life. Mary always seemed to me to gain serenity and force from contact with her mother, although on the surface she gave the idea of being the more dominating personality of the two. Mrs. Wakefield's outlook struck me as very calm and philosophical. I believe no one ever knew Mary better than her mother did, or felt more complete sympathy with her."

After his marriage, Mr. Wakefield lived in the old Bank House in the quaint Stricklandgate, one of the oldest thoroughfares in Kendal. Here, in the austere-looking town of

grey limestone, lying among its surrounding fells and grassy slopes of "Kendal green," like a black pearl in an emerald setting, Mary Wakefield was born, on August 19th, 1853. The first seven years of her existence were spent in this town, which was afterwards to be the scene of those Competitive Festivals to the promotion of which her life was devoted. Of this period of her early childhood we know next to nothing. The little daughter who preceded her died in the first months of babyhood, so that Mary was practically the eldest child from her birth up, and there are few left who remember her in the Kendal years. We have, however, her own brief reminiscences of her nursery days, given in the course of an "interview" when her work was becoming famous. "My earliest remembrance in music," she says, "is singing a good deal by myself, between three and four years old, such songs as "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "The Lass o' Lowrie," and many another Border ditty of like character. Also the well-known and far-famed "Nellie Bly" was a *cheval de bataille,* a copy serving as a memento of my three-year-old performance being still in existence with my name upon it, and the date, in my mother's handwriting. We had a family of nurses in whom the Border songs were inbred, and I don't think there were many hours of the day when melody did not reign in the nursery in one form or another."

This is interesting when we remember how thoroughly she understood in later days the art of singing a simple folk-song, such as "Sally Gray," so that it reached the inmost heart of her hearers.

In 1858 Mr. Wakefield built himself a country house at Prizett, near Sedgwick, and thither the growing family removed and resided for about ten years. It is difficult to learn many details of the life which followed this removal into the country. An old friend of the Wakefield family tells me that it must have been about this time that Mary's great passion for music began to be realized by her mother, and one of the incidents which brought it home to her was the child's spending half a crown of her pocket money on the purchase of a violin, which she scraped with more satisfaction to herself than to her listeners. Soon after this she must have received some elementary instruction in this instrument, for she tells us in some all too brief musical reminiscences, written for a north country paper, that her

MARY WAKEFIELD,
Aged two years.

first public performance consisted in playing the violin to her father's tenants at an audit dinner. "I have had many audiences since," she writes, "but never one more appreciative." On the whole, however, she had very few musical impressions in her childhood, for music did not dwell in, or travel to, Westmorland as she afterwards made it do.

Other memories of these early days come from Miss Alice de Natorp, a lady who acted for a time as governess to Mary and her sister, Ruth, and has always remained in touch with the family. She writes :—

"My recollections of Mary Wakefield as a child have to travel back about fifty years. She was nine years old when I first learnt to know her well, and as I think of her in those bygone days, a vision rises before me of a little girl bounding with health and spirits; bubbling over with fun and the pure joy of living. Her rosy face, light brown curly hair and brilliant smile, form a picture that warms one's heart to look back upon. She was so joyous, frank and generous, and even in those early years, created an atmosphere of sunshine around her. She was free from all petty, self-centred traits of character : a truly delightful child, bright and intelligent beyond the average, and gifted with an unusual power of song and a keen musical instinct.

"It was my happy lot, during an interregnum of governesses, to spend the greater part of each week at Prizett, in charge of Mary and her sister Ruth, and the time I stayed there was one of unmixed delight. I shall ever look back upon it as one of the happiest episodes of my life. I wish I could remember all Mary's clever and original sayings. I went home laden with them almost every week. On one occasion a reminder, or maybe a reproof, produced the instant rejoinder : 'Alice, your words are sharper than any two-edged sword!' Another time, on one of our daily walks, I called the children, for it was time to return home. A merry voice shouted from the top of a six foot wall, 'Ah, Alice, you have not yet learnt the impossibilities of life!' Lest these examples of Mary's quick and ready repartee be taken for impertinences, I must explain that I was not much more than a child myself, just six years older than herself. I cannot remember a single instance in which these fascinating children failed to recognize the authority with which their parents had invested me.

"Riding was one of Mary's chief joys; in fact she

delighted in all that was healthy and satisfying to the needs of her boundless energy. One occupation, however, did not commend itself to her views of happiness, and that was the use of the needle ! Her clever fingers were made to draw forth sweet sounds of music from various instruments, any of which she could have mastered and excelled in, had not nature given her a voice of extraordinary power and beauty which called for the absorbing work of her life. I never think of those dear Prizett days without seeing little Mary with a look of decided boredom on her bonnie face, struggling with a certain rainbow-coloured kettle-holder which she was making at great self-sacrifice for Archdeacon Cooper, the Vicar of Kendal, a great friend and favourite of the children. I doubt if the Vicar ever realized the patience and self-denial embodied in that little piece of woolwork !

" To this brief and imperfect sketch I can only add that, for me, earth holds no brighter and tenderer memory than that of the large-hearted, generous soul we knew and loved in childhood, youth and womanhood as Mary Wakefield."

The house known as Sedgwick, occupied by an earlier generation of Wakefields, stood on the banks of the river Kent. When, in 1866, Mary's grandfather, Mr. John Wakefield, passed away after a long illness, his only son, Mr. William Henry Wakefield, became senior partner in the Kendal Bank and succeeded to the Sedgwick property. He immediately set to work to rebuild the house, choosing a position on higher ground, surrounded by pleasant park-like grounds, and almost facing Prizett, where Mary had passed from childhood to girlhood. By 1868, the present house, a fine structure in English domestic Gothic style, was complete, and the family moved into the home which was to be the centre of such a bright and prosperous existence, and the cradle of the Competitive Festivals movement. Sedgwick has not the characteristic air of a north-country seat. The view from its windows is not extensive, as Westmorland views go; there are no glimpses of lake or mountain, nor of wild and rock-pierced fell sides. The austere note of the northern scenery is absent. Even the stately house is built of a stone warmer and lighter in colour than the usual gloomy limestone of the locality. On the other hand it would be difficult to imagine pleasanter or more radiant surroundings in which to bring up a family of young people, all stamped

with character and bright intelligence, and endowed into the bargain with all that wealth, wisely and generously spent, could give them.

At the time of their removal to Sedgwick, the Wakefield family consisted of Mary; Ruth born in 1856, who afterwards married Harvey Goodwin in 1879; Minnie born in 1862, married in 1883 to Edward Arnold; John born in 1858, who died in 1896; Jacob born in 1860 and William Henry born in 1870; Agnes born in 1866, now Mrs. T. A. Argles, of Eversley, Milnthorpe, for many years Mary's capable lieutenant in all that concerned the Competition Festivals and recently elected to succeed her as President of the "Mary Wakefield" Westmorland Festival.

This was in itself a family party sufficient to keep the large house and grounds in a state of cheerful bustle and activity. But Mr. Wakefield, as we have said, loved to exercise hospitality on a large scale; and plenty of other young people, including a goodly band of cousins, were at hand to swell the numbers. Mary was the life and soul of them all; old enough to exercise some of the authority of an elder sister, yet near enough in age to join in their amusements. "Looking back on those years," says one of her sisters, "I see that all our fun emanated from Mary. On Sunday she would take us up to her 'tower-room' and make us learn our hymns and collects. But her rule was light, and her buoyancy and good temper unfailing." It is not surprising that shortly after settling at Sedgwick the news that Mary was to be sent to a "finishing" school in Brighton was received with consternation by all the other members of the family. What their feelings were, has been placed on record by an amusing contemporary sketch, the work of a boy cousin. Mary, stalwart, and animated by pride and an evident sense of heroism, is striding down the drive at Sedgwick, carrying her own carpet bag labelled "Brighton." Mr. Wakefield (an admirable likeness, by the way) is moved to manly emotion as he gives her his blessing. Her mother and the rest of the family are all in attitudes which suggest the abandonment of tragic sorrow. Below the drawing is an inscription which throws a gleam of mischievous light upon the situation. It purports to be a cutting from the agony column of the *Times*: "Come back to your despairing family. All will be forgotten and forgiven and in future *you shall have your own way in everything.*" This was in

1869, when Mary was about sixteen. The "finishing" processes of the sixties being, even under the most favourable circumstances, of short duration, Mary seems to have been at home again "for good" before she was eighteen. Of her life during the next two or three years no one has kept any account. Probably there was very little to record. At that time she must have been just what her circumstances and surroundings made her: a healthy-minded, active girl, enjoying her luxurious country home and all the pleasures and sports it afforded her; a vivid, bright-witted personality, but probably too happy and comfortable to show, or to be conscious of, the sterner mettle that was in her.

I have already spoken of her father's love of horses and sport; a love which did not decrease with advancing years, and was unhappily the cause of his tragically sudden death in 1889. He was a famous breeder of hunters, and his fearless riding over a stiff and awkward country, when mounted on one of his favourite animals, "King David" or "King Solomon," has become an historical memory in the annals of the Oxenholme Hunt. His coach, too, with its far-famed team of "varmint looking greys" was a familiar sight both in and out of his own district. Occasionally, when the season came round, the team was to be seen in the Park, although he cared little for the showing-off of himself and his horses. He rode and drove for sport and pleasure, and to such a man the country was sweeter than the town. The stables at Prizett, and still more in the later years at Sedgwick, were crowded with horses and ponies of all kinds, and all the children followed their father in their keen love of riding and driving. But none of them surpassed Mary as a whip. She was equally at home with a tandem or a single horse, and until her health began to fail in the last few years of her life, she was constantly to be seen out in all weathers, driving in her capable, business-like way, from one of her village rehearsals to another, over roads that were alarming to her less iron-nerved companions. Many of her friends remember being tooled by her literally "over hill, over dale," behind a pair of spirited cobs, driven tandem, and as her old friend and master, Professor Randegger vividly described the experience: "scarcely venturing to hope they would return alive." The ordeal cannot have been in reality as severe as it sounds, for Mary's friends could entrust themselves safely enough to her cool nerves and strong hands.

STARTING FOR BRIGHTON,

1869.

An accident was the rarest occurrence in her long and adventurous career as a whip. Once, indeed, she had a spill upon some awkward side road in a country famous for sudden dips and sharp corners. She happened on that occasion to have a groom with her, and when she had picked herself and the horse up and somewhat recovered from the shock, she said to him: "You had better take the reins, Fred, I've lost my nerve." Incredulous, the man looked up and down the road as though expecting to see the lost article disappearing round the corner. Then in a comforting tone, he remarked: "Never mind, Mum, you'll get it back." Which she did; for Mary was by nature morally and physically one of the most fearless women I have ever known.

At this time her musical gifts cannot have been very highly cultivated. She had certainly received some instruction from Mr. Armstrong, of Kendal, before she went to school at Brighton. She tells us, in the reminiscences from which I have already quoted, that as she grew older she felt a veritable craving for better teaching than she could get in that far-away Westmorland district, and for this reason welcomed the prospect of a boarding school. In Brighton she worked under Mr. Kuhe for the piano and Signor Meccatti, an Italian singing teacher of the old school. It is evident therefore that her lessons were the best of their kind --the kind which meant two half hours a week, included under the heading of "accomplishments," and destined for the most part to accomplish very little. But at least she now had some stimulating musical experiences. "Here, in fact," she says, "I first heard any music at all, to speak of, and it was indeed the opening up of heaven." In Brighton she first heard Patti, then in the fulness of her glory, "a thing always to be remembered, for surely hers is the most wonderful throat in the world. I remember, too, meeting Regondi at this time at the house of some friends, where he played that much reviled instrument the concertina, in a way that, I suppose, it has never been played before or since."

That Mary Wakefield had excellent capabilities and a good deal of quiet self-confidence, even as a school girl, is evident from the impression she made on those who saw her at seventeen. An old friend, Mrs. Gurney, then Miss Dolly Blomfield, met her for the first time while at Brighton. Mary, who was her senior by two or three years, was brought one day to visit the Blomfields by her father, who

was obviously very proud of his blithe and debonair daughter. Mrs. Gurney remembers being greatly impressed by Mary's voice, of immense volume, not as yet brought under control, and by her lively self-possession; but most of all by the cool and skilful way in which she held her own in a game of billiards. The outcome of this meeting was an almost adoring friendship on the part of the younger for the elder girl; a sentiment which ripened into a very lasting affection on both sides, and led to frequent intercourse as the years went on.

Mary's first public appearance as a singer was in 1873, at a concert organized on behalf of a hospital scheme, projected by her aunt, Mrs. Cropper, of Ellergreen, when she sang two songs then much in vogue, Sullivan's "Once Again" and Virginia Gabriel's "Sad heart, now take thy rest." Every one who remembers her singing in the early 'seventies agrees that even before she was twenty she had a remarkably beautiful voice, rich and warm in quality, and exceptionally round in tone for so young a woman. But as regards the *art* of singing, I think at that period in her existence she must have sung very much as the birds do, from impulse and intuition, giving immense pleasure to audiences as little critical of her as she was of herself. The time had barely come when she realized all the responsibilities involved in the possession of such a gift.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS. STUDY IN LONDON. SEDGWICK AND LONDON. THE TOWER-ROOM. MY FIRST MEETING WITH MARY WAKEFIELD.

So unsophisticated an attitude towards æsthetic questions could not have been of long duration. Although the atmosphere of her home cannot have been very musical until she began to make it so, yet Mary Wakefield was surrounded by beautiful things, and the district in which she lived was not only filled with the traditions of a great school of poetry, but remained the home of many cultured and interesting people. Moreover, by the law of like to like, she drifted towards other gifted musical natures, so that soon the stirrings of a "divine discontent" set her critical faculties in motion, and she began to feel, though perhaps dimly at first, all the laborious polishing that was needful if her rough jewel of a voice was ever to shine out brilliant, many-faceted, yielding its utmost qualities of light and colour.

A love affair which somewhat overshadowed her at this time, was not without a direct influence on her artistic development. Viewed in the retrospect of her whole existence we see that this experience came too early in life to take the spring out of so elastic and buoyant a nature as hers. Mary Wakefield was far from shallow, but she was then young, and her after years were destined to be full of activity and interest. For the time being, this romance may have been strengthened by her father's decisive and wise opposition, but it could not have been said with truth to have spoilt her life. At the same time it seems to have engendered a certain restlessness, and driven her to music as a source of consolation. It was at moments when the strong wills of father and daughter threatened to come into conflict that the tender sympathy and understanding which existed between Mary and her mother was poured forth like a soothing balm, healing all the results of passing friction. Mrs. Wakefield, who was equally devoted to her husband and her eldest daughter, was the most successful intermediary when these two firm and decided natures clashed, and it is more than probable

that it was at her suggestion that towards the end of the 'seventies Mary was allowed to spend a good deal of time in London studying seriously under Professor Randegger.

This concession, however, did not imply any ultimate intention of her taking up singing as a profession. Mr. Wakefield was, as I have already said, a Quaker at heart. He was proud of his daughter's gifts and subsequent attainments, but certain aspects of the musical and theatrical life did not commend themselves to him as suitable for one of his children. Nowadays when almost every other woman thinks it incumbent upon her to add to her income—however comfortable that may be—by fishing for paid engagements, without even being blessed by Providence with a fine voice (for if she can afford a series of expensive lessons, *l'art de dire,* no matter how or what, is considered sufficient excuse for a public appearance) Mr. Wakefield's attitude may seem stilted and despotic. But a generation ago individualism was less rampant in the world, and a daughter was expected at least to compromise in such matters. Moreover, at that time, the moment of sharpest struggle and renunciation had hardly come to Mary Wakefield.

It must not be supposed from what I have just said that Mr. Wakefield was in reality a tyrannous or unkind parent. On the contrary, within certain limits, he loved Mary's singing, and the doors of Sedgwick were hospitably opened to her musical friends. First and foremost among these was Maude Valerie White, who at the time when Mary first met her must have been still studying at the Royal Academy of Music, where her career was brilliant, though incomplete. Entering the Academy in 1876, Miss White won the Mendelssohn Scholarship in 1879. Unfortunately after holding it for nearly two years, she had to relinquish her work on account of ill health, which necessitated her taking a long trip to South America. But already some of her beautiful lyrics had been written, and were beginning to win her a reputation. The intimacy between the two girls ripened apace, and soon we find Miss White a constant visitor at Sedgwick, where she had her own particular room in the lower story of the tower, and was gently scolded from time to time by Mrs. Wakefield, because in moments of inspiration she often left traces of ink on other surfaces than that of her music paper, an infallible, but unappreciated, sign of genius! However, she was forgiven for the sake of the results.

Photo

SEDGWICK.

Hogg.

Several of her best songs, including "Absent yet present," were written at Sedgwick. Mary and Maude Valerie White took part in many concerts together all over the country, and had some amusing experiences. Once at C—— Miss White played some of Brahms's Hungarian Dances, then a curious novelty to the provincial critic, even in a large town where this took place. The next morning a paper announced "Miss White played Nos. . . of Brahms's Hungarian Dances; we are at a loss to know how to comment on these singular productions, but we suppose that, in company with the Skye terrier, their beauty lies in their ugliness!"

Another musical friend who visited Sedgwick, and with whose parents Mary Wakefield occasionally stayed in London, was Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland, who was not in those days musical critic of the *Times*. The gifted family of Robertsons were also among her musical friends, though not so intimate as Miss White, if one may judge from the brief entries in her diaries for these years. Nevertheless, it was through the medium of Miss Robertson that Mary Wakefield was first introduced to Professor Randegger, who although a little reluctant to take amateur pupils, consented, after hearing her sing, to undertake the training of her voice. Writing in after years of her lessons with this famous teacher, she says: "To his careful and conscientious teaching (off and on after this period for many years) I know that I owe all the mechanism of the voice, and in my case, its having lasted as it has, with often a great strain upon it. Randegger, as a master, was a firm and occasionally severe teacher, but it was a severity one never regretted. Apart from his music, he is a cultivated, clever man; his teaching is based upon the Italian methods pursued by such singers as the famous Madame Rudersdorf, whose accompanist he was for years. He has, however, always kept his hand on the tiller of time, and though he is perhaps now the only master with original oratorio traditions at his fingers' ends, there are few singers who come to this country, or have been educated here, who are not, at some time, indebted to his instruction and experience."

This was probably towards the close of 1876. The following year she seems to have started the habit of keeping a small diary, which never varied in size or kind during the remaining years of her life. Evidently her young days were too full, and too ardently lived, to give breathing time for

recording the events and impressions which crowded upon her so thickly between 1877 and 1884. So long as she had her voice, all emotion and self-expression was poured forth through the medium of song. Later in life when she had gained considerable skill in writing, her pen was busy with a number of external subjects. She was not at any time given to introspection, or self-revelation, and unfortunately it never seems to have occurred to her that fuller reminiscences of some of her experiences might have interested others. For much of what she was and did in the years before I knew her I am dependent on the memories of her friends, and on my own recollections of what she told me when we were together in London, or at her home at Nutwood.

Mary Wakefield was a woman with a genius for friendship. "Many of my warmest friends," she once was heard to say, "have been made through music; therefore small wonder that it is very close and dear to me." But there were also dearly loved companions of whom she saw a great deal at this time, whose attraction though not purely musical held her close, and several of them must have helped to mould her thoughts and tastes. Not all her friendships, naturally enough, stood the wear and tear of time and enforced separation, but a wonderful proportion of them remained unchanged to the last. Among the chief of these loyal affections was that which she always cherished for Lady Bective. Her diaries are full of brief allusions to visits paid to Underley, and in later years to Lunefield, while during the last years of her life a large proportion of her time in London was spent at the house of this friend. It was at Lady Bective's that she sang Maude White's lovely setting of Shelley's "When passion's trance is overpast" to Queen Alexandra, then the Princess of Wales, who at once accepted the dedication of the song.

In her diary for 1881, occurs, on April 20th, the entry "Tea with Miss Broughton," and this is the first mention of her acquaintance with the authoress of "Belinda," whose brilliant and pointed wit no one was more fitted to appreciate than Mary Wakefield. Miss Rhoda Broughton remained one of her most intimate friends, and was in later years a frequent visitor at Nutwood.

It was in the autumn of 1884 that she first met Miss Marion Terry and her sister Ellen, and here again, acquaintance ripened into life-long ties. She was introduced to Miss

Marion Terry in the first instance by Miss Ethel Arnold, and the friendship, started in London, was soon cemented by Miss Terry's visit to Sedgwick in 1885, which chanced to coincide with the very first birthday of the Musical Festival, so that in after years the thought of her friend was inextricably bound up for Mary with the discovery of her life work. Miss Marion Terry often revisited Sedgwick and constantly accompanied Mary on her long drives across country. Many were their adventures. Once, returning from an unusually long expedition, the horse showing signs of fatigue, Mary turned off the highroad into the fields, declaring it to be a short cut home. So it might have proved if, after driving three or four miles over the turf, they had not found themselves brought up suddenly by one of those long walls of loose stones which in Lakeland divide one wide pale green stretch of fellside from another equally extensive. No gate was to be found, but Mary would not hear of driving her tired favourite back by the track they had just followed and then again over the long high-road home. Her decision was characteristic. "Take the wall down," she said, and hitching up the horse to graze, she and Miss Marion Terry set to work to unbuild the obstacle. The twilight was rapidly drawing on as with aching backs and sore fingers they flung down the heavy slabs of limestone and then arranged them in a kind of ascending and descending causeway over which, in the course of an hour or so, horse and dogcart were piloted in safety. They did not—it must be confessed— stop to rebuild the wall, but jogged home as quickly as possible in the growing darkness.

Another time Mary set out to drive her friend over a part of Coniston Old Man. The bridle path, suitable for riding, was not very negotiable for a vehicle. All might have gone well however, had not a mountain mist enveloped them just as they started on the steepest part of the descent. The horse practically decided that it was unwise to move a step further. They left the dogcart therefore by the wayside, and taking out the horse led him down until they reached a shelter. Then they climbed up again on foot to fetch the cart between them, but they had hardly reckoned on the steepness of the declivity. Not all Mary's strength —and it was far beyond that of average women—aided by the valiant efforts of Miss Marion Terry, availed to keep the vehicle from behaving like the Gadarene swine. It was not

they who brought the cart down the side of Walney Scar, but the cart that brought them, willy-nilly, at a pace that was neither safe nor dignified. It was rare, however, that Mary's horses left her in the lurch even under the most trying circumstances. There was nothing she could not coax them into doing, and if the mood took her to walk her cob over a narrow gangway on to a small lake steamer, or through a mountain torrent, it generally obeyed with the proverbial meekness of the lamb. Hindrances that could not be got over, she removed, as we have seen, with her own hands. She would have been an invaluable transport officer in time of war.

Early in September, 1886, Mary and Miss Marion Terry spent some weeks together in Venice. During a part of the time Miss Violet Paget (Vernon Lee) joined them there. This was the visit referred to in one of Ruskin's letters to Mrs. Wakefield. The weather was hot and the evenings were often spent on the refreshing shores of the Lido. An interesting experience was a short visit to the country house of Princess X. . . . at Stangella, near Padua, where they got a glimpse of real Italian patriarchic life. The men who worked in the fields and gardens during the day waited solemnly at table during the evening meal in liveries strange to English eyes and white cotton gloves. At the beginning of October the travellers returned to London by the Italian Lakes.

To these old friendships, and many others made in later years, I may have occasion to refer in the course of this Memoir, but for the moment I must take up Mary's life at Sedgwick and in London, and try to show how rapid was her artistic growth and how indefatigable her energy, when once she had attained a glimpse of higher musical ideals.

Sedgwick is a remarkably beautiful modern house, at once imposing and home-like, and almost ideally planned for musical purposes. One enters almost immediately into a great square hall, open up to the full height of the house, with a huge fireplace, and walls hung for the most part with portraits of the family. The wide staircase on the left-hand leads to the first floor, round which runs a four-sided corridor, or gallery, into which open the chief bedrooms of the house. Other rooms there are on the ground floor : a dining-room commensurate with Wakefield notions of hospitality, and spacious drawing-rooms. But the great hall

was the scene of those musical gatherings that were such a distinguishing feature of the life at Sedgwick. There stood —and still stands—the grand piano at which Mary Wakefield, Maude Valerie White, and other friends spent many delightful hours. The height and spaciousness of the hall made it an admirable place to sing in. When the musicians gathered there, the guests and the family, and generally some of the servants too, would collect quietly at the best points of vantage in the surrounding gallery. Mary's fine, warm voice rang through the hall, and the tones ascended and were lost in the raftered ceiling above. It was like hearing her sing in the nave of some cathedral.

The hall was the place where Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield loved to gather a big house-party, supplemented by guests from the neighbourhood, and to hold gay festivity. Improvised concerts and theatricals were of frequent occurrence, and among the visitors who took part in them were many well-known amateurs of the day, and not a few professionals. Signor Randegger—irreverently referred to by the young people as "Ran," *tout court,* was often at Sedgwick. Sir William—then Mr.—Cusins, and Herr Franke, who had been associated with Wilhelmji in organizing the Wagner Concerts at the Albert Hall in 1877, were also guests in the autumn of 1878.

Besides the hall there is another room at Sedgwick which will always remain as it were impregnated with the atmosphere of Mary's presence: the room which is associated with her hours of study, and perhaps also with her dreams of a wider activity and fame than circumstances permitted her to realize. From a door in the gallery which I have described, a winding stone staircase led up to the small room, with windows looking in three directions over the park-like grounds of Sedgwick, which she chose to make her sanctum. There she kept her books, and hung her favourite pictures; although unlike the ladies of mediæval times, whose turret-chambers were perched high above the din and dust of dining-hall and courtyard, I am quite sure that Mary never solaced her quiet hours with tapestry-work or delicate broidery. The door of this room is decorated after the style in vogue thirty years ago, with hand-painted panels, the work of her sister Ruth (Mrs. Goodwin). The days of amateur decorations have long since fled, but this door remains — and will probably always be allowed to remain

untouched for the sake of the apt quotations inscribed on it: *"Here will we sit and let the sound of music creep in our ears;" "And music shall untune the skies."*

But no sooner was Mary settled in her quaint eyrie than she found herself confronted with what threatened to be an almost insurmountable difficulty. Tower chambers were relics of a day when no one desired to take into them any musical instrument larger than a lute, a harp, or a viol. Her requirements, when once she began to study regularly, necessitated at least a cottage piano. The narrow circular stairway was an impassable barrier, and the largest window, under the roof, looked sheer down into the carriage sweep many feet below. But Mary was born to refute the impossible. An upright Steinway was actually hoisted by pulleys up the angle between the walls of the tower and the house, hauled in at the window, and planted triumphantly in the middle of the room. It survived that and other strange experiences and is spending an honoured old age in the room where I am now writing.* In the tower-room she found the necessary quiet and isolation for the hard work which eventually produced such fine artistic results. From her lofty nest her voice was often heard swelling free and ardent as the song of some wonderful bird poised high overhead. Her sister Agnes says she has often felt a thrill of delight, when, returning from a ride or walk, she heard Mary's voice meeting and welcoming her as she approached the lodge-gates, clearer and stronger than the murmur of the neighbouring river, or the sighing of the wind in the surrounding trees. Some verses written by the Reverend H. D. Rawnsley, dated September 30th, 1881, were inspired by the little room, the centre of the musical life not only of Sedgwick, but of a large and ever-increasing district. I quote them here:

THE TOWER OF SONG.

When I am weary of the fret and jar
The tuneless rush of life's o'erwhelming tide,
I say unto my soul—come thou aside
And climb the tower where rest and music are.

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* In the billiard room of Eversley, the home of Mary Wakefield's youngest sister, Mrs. T. A. Argles.

Thence, while the Torrent murmurs from afar,
My fancy borne on swallow wings may glide,
And, bound for Heaven, my hopes can venture wide
O'er seas of darkness lit from star to star.
There on the morrow, when the lark awakes
Upward he soars; his little shadow moves
Across my room, a fluttering phantom song:
A thousand memories of forgotten loves
Sound from the pictured wall he floats along,
Loud with a thousand tunes my morning breaks.

I think the years 1877 and 1878 must have been some of the very happiest in Mary Wakefield's life. Absorbed in her studies, beginning to be conscious of her powers as a singer, fresh, as yet, to the enthusiasm and admiration she inspired wherever she went, she had hardly begun to feel any acute struggle between perfect enjoyment of her existence with all its advantages, and the lurking conviction that it led to no special goal. Once she had started her lessons with Signor Randegger and had grasped the many things needful to the education of a great singer, it is quite astonishing how she managed to fill her days to the brim. The days, indeed, seem often to have overflowed into the nights, and, since she was an early riser, constantly beginning her activities in London before 9.0 a.m., one feels that even her gloriously sound health must sometimes have been endangered by this period of *Sturm und Drang*. Such was often the fear of her master, who knew the value of repose if a voice is to be made the chief cult of a woman's life. A year or two later, when she had become known everywhere, and was in perpetual demand for social and charitable functions, Signor Randegger used to scold her roundly for this lavish expenditure of time and energy. These were the only serious disagreements that ever arose between them during their long mutual intercourse as teacher, pupil, and friend. I do not imagine that his scoldings had much effect. Nothing, I think, could have acted as a drag upon Mary's boundless energies, unless perhaps it had been the certain conviction that her whole existence and reputation depended upon the careful preservation of her voice. But she has often told me that, in those days, she never knew what it was to feel tired or at the end of her physical resources.

In the spring of 1877, besides working several days a week with Signor Randegger, she was having Italian lessons;

and the frequent occurrence of the name of Professor Bannister among her engagements, points—so her sister Mrs. Argles believes—to the fact that she was taking a course of instruction in harmony at the same time. The piano she was studying with Sir William—then Mr.—Cusins. She also returned to her first love, the violin, and worked at it for a little while under Herr Stern. At this time she used to stay, with her father's approval, for a large part of the spring and autumn in the house of some friends of the name of Wedderburn. During this period in London she tells us that the principal part of her musical education was accomplished. She also took every opportunity of practising her art. "I joined the Amateur Musical Guild," she writes, "under Mr. Henry Leslie, and the Handel Society. I endeavoured to join the Bach Society, but was refused, though specially invited later in the same season to do so! I gained a certain amount of knowledge of choral singing from practice which has since been very useful to me, and got to know Mr. Henry Leslie intimately,—a friendship which has borne fruit in later years in the further development of his choir competition schemes. At that time he was the principal authority on madrigal and unaccompanied choral singing in London, and to him belongs no doubt the credit of the revival in this country of madrigal and other music of the same character. The Amateur Musical Guild gave opportunities for solo as well as choral singing at its concerts, and I well remember my first appearance at St. James's Hall, in Handel's *Hercules,* for the solo (among others) of 'With rosy steps the dawn advances' was allotted to me. The results of this performance are not forgotten, nor yet Mr. Leslie's fatherly pleasure in its success. I do not remember feeling nervous at all, and am quite sure that, with an ordinary healthy subject, nervousness is the result of wider knowledge than I could boast in those days. I made the acquaintance at this time of Mr. Blumenthal, who very often accompanied me in his beautiful setting of Christina Rossetti's "Dreamland," and other songs. Many pleasant evenings have I passed in his charming house in Kensington Gore. I never sang in public except at some very tiny affairs till I was twenty, and I first sang in London at a semi-public concert at Lambeth Palace, in 1876, in the day of Archbishop Tait."

Christmas and New Year, as well as the summer and early autumn months, she usually spent at Sedgwick, from

Photo Hogg.

IN THE "TOWER OF SONG."

whence she soon started on what were practically concert tours all over England. The concerts in which she took part were, however, almost all strictly amateur entertainments given for charity. In June, 1877, she ran over to Paris on a short visit. The entries in her diary make it appear to be her first trip abroad; but in their characteristic brevity she omits to mention her travelling companions. We can hardly suppose that she "ate ices in the Palais Royal," "saw the Louvre," and "went to the Français" all by herself, and the supposition is that she went with her father, and a dear friend Miss Maribel Sedgwick (now Mrs. Rough). By July 6th she had resumed her gay and busy life in London, but before the month was out she was back in the tower-room at home This summer she seems to have begun her sittings to Miss Starr, who was probably on a visit to the Wakefields, for the portrait which now hangs at the foot of the staircase as one turns out of the hall at Sedgwick.

It was in the spring of this year that I first met Mary Wakefield, and although when we came to be intimate in later years the occasion was only a hazy memory to her, to me it had remained a fairly vivid impression. Many years previously, as a very young woman, my aunt Miss Virginia Kenney, a daughter of James Kenney the censor of plays and author of "Raising the Wind," with its once famous hero Jeremy Diddler, and other popular works for the stage, had been governess in the family of the Croppers of Ellergreen. How this vivacious and extremely witty woman, half French half Irish, had become transplanted from the literary and theatrical atmosphere of her homes in London and Paris to a Quaker household, I cannot now explain. She had a musical gift that bordered on genius, and "a way with her" that must have somehow proved an attraction to people so utterly different in custom and tradition to herself. From her I often heard in my childhood of some of the Westmorland Quaker families including, of course, the Wakefields. Later in life my aunt married a Mr. Cox and lived for some years in Wimpole Street. Here she often entertained an artistic and journalistic circle. She had known Mary's father as a young man, and so it happened that they occasionally exchanged visits when the Wakefields were in town, and the question of Mary's voice and the difficulties of limiting her activities to non-professional engagements was, I know, spoken of between them. I was only a girl at the time, but

the whole matter made an impression upon me, because just at the same moment a member of our own family was in a similar position, and the question "to be or not to be" a professional singer was often being discussed before me. On one occasion my aunt organized a party in Mary's honour, with a view, I believe, to her being heard by some leading musical critics, and, as far as I can remember, James Davison, who was still writing for "The Times" was among the number. Besides the beautiful quality of her voice and her delightfully buoyant and unaffected manner, what struck me most was her breadth of style and the free and unforced expression of temperament; she sang as she felt, and she felt deeply and warmly. These were rare virtues in an amateur singer thirty years ago, when the range of songs was usually limited to drawing-room ballads, and such *abandon* and passion in non-professional singers were hardly regarded as decorous on the platform, or in the home circle. The glow and sincerity of her singing left me with a lasting impression, although I did not happen to hear her again for some considerable time. She was my senior by three or four years, and while she was pursuing her busy social and artistic career, I was studying painting at "Heatherleys." Occasionally we met at the houses of mutual friends, Miss Mary Robinson (Mme. Duclaux) and Miss Annie Goldie (Mrs. Curtis) daughter of Dr. Goldie of Morningside, and an excellent amateur musician, were among our mutual acquaintances; but although I was an ardent admirer of her singing, our intercourse in those days was very limited, and it was not until many years afterwards that we became fast friends.

CHAPTER III.

VISITS TO ROME. THE SALA DANTE. THE GRIEGS. HER ARTISTIC AND SOCIAL SUCCESSES. COMPOSITIONS.

We now reach a stage in Mary Wakefield's life when we are more than ever filled with regret that she should have left us no personal record of her experiences, sketched in her bright, individual, and racy style.

From an early period in her career, in spite of her intense affection for her native Westmorland, she recognized that to carry her musical gifts further afield, to win the approbation of a wider circle, and run the gauntlet of a more fastidious criticism, were the best methods of fitting herself for the service of her art. She was wise in not attaching too much importance to local admiration, which was given to her unstintingly. On one occasion when she sang at a concert at Kendal in which Sims Reeves also took part, she was recalled time after time after both her songs, in spite of the fact that the great tenor was waiting to come on in the first instance with "My pretty Jane," and in the second with "Tom Bowling." Such a popular success might have spoiled a nature less genuinely artistic than hers.

By the time she was three or four and twenty she had heard much of the finest music which London at the time afforded. She had frequented the opera, and was a regular attendant at the Richter Concerts and the Saturday and Monday "Pops." She had sung, too, not only in London, but in Carlisle, Blackpool, Gloucester and Torquay, in all of which towns her popularity was established and her repeated visits looked forward to as musical events. In 1878, she made a concert tour at the New Year which included Mansfield, Retford, Worksop, Nottingham and Chester.

We now find her on the point of winning fresh laurels still further afield, and we can imagine with what intense pleasure she must have hailed the prospect of a visit to Italy, a country she frequently revisited in after years and loved only second to the wild moors and shimmering lakelands of her own home.

In February, 1878, she left England in company with

her father and mother, and her brother, Mr. Jacob Wakefield, and travelling south by way of Paris, Marseilles and the Corniche Road to Genoa, reached Rome on Saturday, March 2nd. It is characteristic of her energy that on Tuesday, 5th, she had already started a course of lessons with Signor Alari, a well-known professor of singing who divided his time between Rome and Paris. She also went to Signor Sgambati for pianoforte lessons. Mary Wakefield had carried with her an introduction to Mrs. Terry, formerly Mrs. Crawford, the mother of the novelist Marion Crawford, and the Rome in which she was now made welcome was the Rome so charmingly described by Mrs. Terry's daughter, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, in her book "'A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands." Mrs. Terry lived in the Palazzo Odescalchi, in the Piazza Ss. Apostoli, and almost every day during her sojourn in Rome Mary's diaries contain the brief entry "Palazzo Odescalchi 4.30"—or "8.30 p.m.," as the case might be. Writing of the home of her girlhood, Mrs. Fraser says: "It was built by a Pope, Innocent XI., who reigned from 1676 to 1689, during the doom-laden period when it seemed as if Islam might descend with fire and sword upon the very Vatican itself. . . . All the same, the Pope found time to build one of the most princely of Roman palaces opposite that of the Colonnas, who doubtless looked upon the Odescalchis as mere modern upstarts when Innocent XI.'s more imposing pile rose up across the way, occupying, with its courtyard, the entire block between two streets and running back as far as the Corso." The Palazzo Odescalchi, in spite of its comparative modernity, harboured several ghostly visitants, of whom Mrs. Fraser gives us a thrilling account. But our concern is less with these disembodied spirits than with those who frequented it in the flesh in the days when Mary Wakefield saw her first glimpse of Roman society within its hospitable walls. Probably at the date of her visit, Mr. and Mrs. Terry had moved from the large apartment consisting of eighteen or twenty spacious rooms in which the Crawford family were brought up, into a smaller suite in one of the wings of the house. "It was arranged on the same lines," writes Mrs. Fraser. "They had all their household gods about them, the sun shone into it all day, and when I used to return from my diplomatic wanderings to visit them I forgot even to notice the change." Here, as in their first apartment, Mrs. Terry entertained

many distinguished foreigners and Americans, besides a very interesting musical circle which included Countess Gigliucci (Claro Novello), Madame Helbig, Sgambati and others. Like Mary Wakefield, Madame Liza Lehmann (Mrs. Bedford) made her Roman debut in the Odescalchi. This occurrence is related by Mrs. Fraser in her book. Had she been present when Mary carried away her audience with the warmth and vitality of her singing, undoubtedly she would also have given us some account of that event. But during the spring of 1878 Mrs. Fraser was still with her husband in China. Her description of Roman life helps us, however, to realize to some extent the delightful and congenial atmosphere in which Mary then found herself, and to fill in the background of a sketch which is all too incomplete. One feels during this period, as one so often does in glancing through her tiny diaries, so fully packed with daily and hourly engagements, that she was living too ardently and keenly to find room in her existence for self-analysis.

She had a temperamental avidity for new experiences and activities, and it was not until much later in life that she found the necessary *recueillement* to note what she felt and thought, and to commit it to paper. I know that in after years she looked back to this first visit to Italy as having deeply influenced her development. Though brief, it realized many ardent expectations and she always saw it through a haze of golden memories. She certainly returned to England far more sure of herself and her artistic powers than before.

But although we have no record of her inmost thoughts and emotions on first seeing the Eternal City, we know that there, as elsewhere, she made a marked impression in the musical world. On March 13th, she sang for a charity in the Sala Dante, and this concert remained one of her most cherished and triumphant recollections. Long afterwards, in giving a brief account of her life to an interviewer, she said with pride: "I received my first bouquet (or rather basket) at the Sala Dante! I can see it now being dragged up the middle of the 'Sala' between two men and finally presented to me. The concert was memorable, however, in other and more interesting ways, for at it the famous Ristori gave the sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*. She was assisted, by the way, by another remarkable woman, in a very different line, Julia Ward Howe, sister of the

well-known ' Sam Ward,' of American journalistic fame, and herself no mean author, being widely known in America for her unceasing efforts in the cause of women. She was aunt to Marion Crawford, the novelist, a youth of eighteen at the time, and it was in this congenial atmosphere at his mother's home, the Palazzo Odescalchi, that many a pleasant memorable evening was spent. I also remember meeting Clara Novello, the distinguished oratorio singer, then Marchese Gigliucci, who said many kind things to me about my singing of ' Oh Rest in the Lord,' which with a song of Buononcini's ' L'esperto nocchiero,' were my two contributions to the programme in the ' Sala Dante.' " Fortunately we possess one highly sensitive and intelligent appreciation of her singing at this time. The Baroness von Rabe, another of Mrs. Terry's married daughters (the Annie Crawford of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's book) was present on the occasion, and wrote to Miss Alice de Natorp (Marv's old friend and former governess whose reminiscences I have quoted earlier in the book) by far the best and most vivid description of Mary Wakefield's art and personality to be found among the vast mass of press notices placed at my disposition. The Baroness von Rabe says :

" Your soul-refreshing friend, Miss Wakefield ! What a glorious, gifted, exuberant creature she is ! I shall never forget her as she sat at the piano pouring out music with such inexhaustible and splendid abundance. I could not help saying to a bystander : ' There is something Bacchante-like in her singing. She seems to pour out her voice as though it were a generous wine ! ' . . . . It was quite unforgetable to see her singing so enchantingly and smiling all the while. One could feel how she delighted in giving such exquisite pleasure. We were all quite wild about her, and the sensation she created in the Sala Dante—where she most graciously consented to sing for a Crèche Concert, was really delicious to see. All the sober, steady-going English people clapped and stamped for an encore to her Buononcini song—and I felt, in the perfect peace of listening to perfect singing, as though my weary journey were quite repaid. Her voice is marvellous in its wonderfully even quality. The notes linger on the air like the tones of a finely-vibrating stringed instrument, and I do not think I ever heard a purer, more perfectly graduated register. Her style is so large and fine, so utterly without coquetry or trick

of voice. You did not say a word too much in your description of her singing, and I feel that I cannot say enough."

This testimony to the moving and joyous character of Mary's singing is the more valuable because it is the frank, unbiased opinion of one fine amateur musician on another. Baroness von Rabe's "crowning-gift is her music." She is a pupil of Sgambati and an admirable pianist.

The concert at the Sala Dante took place in the afternoon, and the evening was spent in a farewell visit to Mrs. Terry. The next day Mary left Rome for Florence and Milan. Before her departure she went to visit Mustafa, "the last of the famous soprani of the Sistine chapel: I made quite a pilgrimage to see him for he was living on the outskirts of Rome just then and difficult of access, but I knew so much of his wonderful, hardly human singing, and also of his fame as a teacher, that I wanted a personal acquaintance, more especially as we had a great mutual friend. I found him at last in his simple little country retreat, but our interview was not very interesting, as he could not speak English and I only a few words of Italian. Still I felt glad to have seen the last relic of the musical glories of the Sistine chapel, for its musical performances, which I heard on the same visit to Rome, were of the most execrable description; it was on no mean occasion, namely the coronation of the present Pope."

I may here mention that in the spring of 1884 Mary returned to Italy, travelling by way of the Riviera to Pisa. This time she visited Siena and felt its fascination fully. She was now in the company of her mother, which must have added to her keen enjoyment of her travels. In Rome she appears to have dropped very quickly into her former social circle. Her visits to Mrs. Terry were almost daily occurrences. She also found in Rome several people whose acquaintance she had already made at home, among them the poet-musician, Theophilus Marziels, whose songs she sang with pleasure, helping largely in their success. But undoubtedly the chief event of her second visit to Italy was her meeting with Grieg.

The Norwegian composer and his wife were spending the winter in Rome for the benefit of his health. It was one of Grieg's several visits to Rome since he first saw the city in 1865. In 1869 he had gone there again with the express desire to meet Liszt, who had written most encour-

agingly of his Violin Sonata, Op. 8, and in two interesting letters to his parents he has described his interviews with this most generous-hearted critic and adviser. Liszt's final words to him: "I tell you, you have the capability. Keep steadily on—and do not let them intimidate you," became of great significance to the young composer. "The remembrance of them," he wrote home, "will have a wonderful power to uphold me in days of adversity." Therefore Rome was full of glad memories for Grieg, and now, he in his turn, was to speak those words of encouragement which were never forgotten and which have been often recalled by Mary Wakefield in moments of discouragement.

How wonderful are these linking fires passed on from one generous and ardent soul to another throughout all space and time! In the spiritual realm, in the sphere of art and literature, there seem two classes of temperament: those who in passing stay to press their glowing torches for a moment against the failing or as yet unkindled lights of their fellow-workers; and those who with the cold breath of neglect, or egotistical indifference, extinguish all the flickering lights that cross their path.

When Edward Grieg and Mary Wakefield met, it must have been delightful to watch the intercourse between these two warm, sincere, and candid natures. They met often, the Griegs coming sometimes to the Hôtel where the Wakefields were living, or Mary visiting them in their modest abode. "They were then," she writes, "apparently far from being pecuniarily successful artists, and inhabited a small room which contained the piano, and was music, sitting and bedroom all in one. But what delightful music we had there! I already knew Grieg's songs well, but what so pleasant as to go carefully through them with the composer, hearing personally his ideas concerning them! I still have a volume of his songs that Grieg gave me with a dedication which shows, I think, that he was satisfied with the result of our interviews;* though in a certain sense, to me, no one will ever sing Grieg's songs like his wife. They are part of her, the phrases seem her own, and her intuition of the music is unequalled."

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* The album, one of Mary Wakefield's most treasured possessions, is inscribed: "Mary Wakefield with my best thanks for her beautiful songs. Edward Grieg. Roma. 1887."

From her wanderings abroad and in England she invariably returned at Christmas, and in the summer, like a homing bird to her tower-room at Sedgwick. Through all the pleasant turmoil of her musical and social success, even before she had made her first modest venture in competition festivals, she still kept in view as one of the chief aims of her work the artistic improvement of her own countrymen and women. That she had already raised the standard of music in the Kendal district is obvious from the programme of the concerts she organized there early in the 'eighties. In 1873, we find her singing Virginia Gabriel; four or five years later she had the courage to introduce Schumann's "Dichterliebe" cycle at her vocal recitals. But although she upheld the best of vocal music, she knew the educative value of the popular element, especially as expressed in the folksong, or *quasi* folksong, too well to ignore it at her concerts. One of her greatest successes in the north was her own arrangement of the Westmorland dialect song "Sally Gray." The audience would shout itself hoarse to secure this favourite ditty, and sit spellbound while she sang it with all the truth and charm she understood so well how to infuse into a simple folk-ballad. Usually she reserved "Sally Gray" for an encore, and when she took a recall there invariably followed a moment of breathless expectancy among her hearers—*would* it turn out to be the right song after all? An amusing story is told of the old huntsman of the Oxenholme Harriers, who after one of these scenes of thundering applause and acute uncertainty, was heard to exclaim triumphantly as she struck the first chords of the familiar accompaniment: "oe knaw'd by her baack as it wur goin' to be 'Sally.'"

Such was the fame of her interpretation that local poets vied in their praises of it. Here is one of the most characteristic tributes, quoted from the *Westmorland Gazette*:

THE NIGHTINGALE NORTH OF THE TRENT.

Ae was reet gaily puzzelt hooiver,
As heam fra' t' concert ae went,
For a neetingale seldom or ivver
Was heardt singin' north o' the Trent.

But ma ears were soaked thro' i' the humming,
Ae cud tell by the trills and the shaakes
That t' song as kep' cooming an' cooming
Was t' Neetingale's song i' the Laakes.

Girt fwoake may spend gowd, mon its dearer
Is a song in a fine furrin' tongue;
Ae waared nobbut sixpence ta hear her,
And ae got it aw back i' ya song.

Up i' Lunnon yan paays fur paint-faaces,
And t' silks i' which singers is drest,
But she sang wi'out ribbans and lasces,
And her faace was free-gift like the rest.

Up i' Lunnon for aw yan may lissen,
Ya can niver mak taail whot they saay,
But ae heard o' her words about kissen,
And lovin' o' sweet Sally Gray.

Ae cud hear Sally's spindle ga whirrin',
Ae cud see the cwoach comin' alang,
Ah, yan's heart by the haaystack was stirrin'
To mind courtin' times as she sang.

Men as listened them girt singin' syrens
Was chained, parson says, to the mast,
But when neetingale pipes its not irons,
Its her leuk an' her waay keeps yan fast.

Aye, the laady as sings by the Leven,
The lassie as trills by the Lune,
She's the voice of an aangel fra' heaven,
She's the mak of a neetingale's tune.

Anon.

The year following Mary's first visit to Rome was one of remarkable activity at home. The amateur Charity Concerts in which she took part in the season 1879-1880 alone realized the sum of £2,735; while the crowning recognition of her artistic powers came in the form of an engagement for

the Gloucester Festival in September of the latter year. The work in which she was heard was Leonardo Leo's *Dixit Dominus,* in which she sang the contralto solo "Tecum Principium," and took part in the concerted numbers. The other singers who appeared on this occasion were Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, the late Joseph Maas and Mr. Frederick King. Her press notices were entirely favourable. This experience must have strengthened her wish to adopt a professional career. But while it gave her renewed confidence in her powers and pricked on her desire to trust herself all in all to her art, it still further emphasized the difficulties which beset a woman in her position when it comes to the question of entering the arena with those who are fighting for their livelihoods. Once again she stood face to face with the embarrassing problem—embarrassing at least in those days—whether a woman is justified in earning money she does not actually need; and how far she may, for her own delight, give her services without payment, at the risk of depriving some poorer sister of her daily bread. Opportunities of singing at the Chester, Norwich and Leeds festivals were declined at her parents' wish, and we can guess with what pangs of regret on her part. Indeed at this time she must have begun to realize the stern truth conveyed in the admonition, "how hardly shall the rich enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." For Mary Wakefield's Heaven, that is to say her highest ideal of existence here and hereafter, was inseparably linked with her beloved art. It must not be supposed, however, that she went through her days pining for the one thing denied to her. She was full of the joy of living. Her world offered her all the good and pleasant fruits of prosperity and she stretched out both hands to gather in a rich harvest. In after days she was able to say with sincerity and characteristic modesty: "I do not wholly regret having been able to devote such gifts as I had in other ways, ending in a somewhat unusual musical position, and making the professional part of my later life the accident instead of the object of it."

Besides the success assured to her as a singer, she now began to win considerable fame and popularity as a song-writer. It would be idle to maintain that Mary Wakefield's musical genius lay in the direction of creative capacity. I do not think that even if she had devoted more time to the study of theory and composition she would have accom-

plished anything great in this respect. With all her many and remarkable gifts, imagination was not her strong point; she moved and breathed best in the world of reality; in the atmosphere which is least congenial to poets and composers. She observed closely, and often described what she saw and heard with charm and a happy choice of words; but in the many long talks we have enjoyed together, when I have seen her most enthusiastic over nature and music, I never once surprised in her the true imaginative outlook. The palpable world made a strong appeal to her, but I do not think she wandered often in that world of poetic illusion which lies outside the limits of ordinary vision. Yet the little songs which she made and sang herself had qualities which raised them above the ordinary royalty ballads and sentimental drawing-room ditties; they had something of her own genuine sincerity, and warm vitality. They were frankly intended to be popular, but they are by no means common.

As early as 1875, Mary sang a song of her own entitled "O, the Sun it shone fair," at a concert which she organized for the funds of Crosscrake Church. The occasion was memorable to Westmorland folk for the first appearance among them of Miss Maude Valerie White. As to the song, it seems to have been lost or destroyed, for no one remembers her singing it in later years. It was not until the beginning of the 'eighties that she turned her attention once more to song writing, when she made an extraordinarily happy hit in "No Sir," which carried her name practically all over the world in the course of a few months. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for two or three years the only method of escape from "No Sir" was to stay away from concerts altogether, for even if a lady vocalist began by singing the "Sapphische Ode" of Brahms, or Schubert's "Erl King," one could never be sure that "No Sir" was not lurking in her music case, to be produced upon the merest suspicion of an encore. The song may be of folk origin. Mr. Cecil Sharp includes what he considers to be an early version of it, "O no John," in his "Folksongs from Somersetshire." In that case, however, Mary Wakefield sang English folk-song as Monsieur Jourdain spoke prose, quite unconscious of her meritorious action, for she said she first heard "No Sir" in a very fragmentary form from an American gov-

erness,* and afterwards completed the music and the words for herself. The song was published in 1879 by Messrs. Paterson of Edinburgh. In her diary there is a note on January 18th, 1881, "2,000 copies of 'No Sir' stamped." But the sale far exceeded these figures. It reached every strata of society and a version entitled "Yes Lord" became very popular with the Salvation Army. It was not surprising that she was tempted to follow up her success, for publishers were now ready and anxious to bring out her lyrics. Her vocal compositions comprise the following songs: "No Sir," "Yes Sir," "A Bunch of Cowslips," "Maytime in Midwinter," "More and More," or "Beyond all, thine," "Love's Service," "Shaking Grass," "You may," "Moonspell," "Serenade," "For Love's sake only," "Life time and Love time," "Sweet Sally Gray," "Lass and Lad," "Leafy June," "Nancy," "Courting Days," "After Years," "Little Roundhead Maid," "Shearing-day," "When the Boys come home," and "The Children are Singing." All these were published. Those remaining in manuscript include: "For your Sweet Sake," "Christmas Come," "The Love that goes a-courting," "Ich denke dein," "The English Bow," "Tout de même," "Love will find out the way." Her last song "A Creed of Desire" was written as late as 1909.

When we look through her engagement lists for the years that followed on the triumphant season of 1879-1880 it is impossible not to feel that Mary Wakefield now stood in danger of becoming the mere spoilt child of society. Among those with whom she was in constant demand at this time of her life we find the names of nearly all those leaders of society who stood for music and philanthropy. As may be seen from a correspondence lasting at intervals over a period of sixteen years, she had no stauncher helper and admirer than the late Duke of Westminster, who sometimes replaced the formal "To Miss Wakefield" at the close of his letters with the words "To a real artist." On several occasions he placed Grosvenor House at her service for the concerts which she organized on behalf of charities, and once, when some difficulty arose as regards dates, he wrote with a grateful and courtly turn: "I should be always glad to meet your views and wishes as far as possible, and even to

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* This lady informed Mary it was of Spanish origin.

make an impossibility a possibility for *you.*" His last letters relate to the Westmorland Festival of 1895, when he journeyed to the north to give away the prizes. In expressing a wish to become a subscriber to the scheme, he says: "I do not wonder that you should now desire to widen the responsibility of management. It was a great pleasure to assist at so delightful and successful a festival, and to see the keenness and interest taken in it." The Duke of Westminster was not without practical experience in the matter of singing contests, for the rural festival which he organized at Eaton was one of the earliest to follow the inauguration of the movement at Sedgwick in 1885.

Mary appears to have been frequently associated with that gifted amateur Lady Folkestone. She was intimate with the late Mr. Henry Leslie and his family and often visited them in Shropshire. Indeed the flourishing condition of the Herefordshire Philharmonic Society, which owed its existence to Mr. Leslie's initiation, gave her some ideas for the foundation of her own scheme of competition festivals. She numbered among her friends Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, and Dr. Arthur Somervell. She knew intimately Goring Thomas, whose premature death she deplored as a deep loss to music; and her recitals in Scotland, given in conjunction with Sir Herbert Oakley, led to a genuine friendship and much correspondence between them. Apart from musical people, we find in her diaries from 1878 onward, references to days at Chobham with Matthew Arnold; to visits to the houses of Burne Jones and Alma Tadema; to Professor Sellar and his family, with whom she often stayed on her visits to Edinburgh; to Ruskin, with whose friendship for her I shall deal in another chapter; to days in Oxford with Miss Rhoda Broughton and Lewis Nettleship; to days at Rose Castle, Carlisle, with Bishop Goodwin, a keen musician; to Charles Kingsley and his daughter "Lucas Malet" on the Sedgwick coach; to life on a Doge's Farm with Vernon Lee; to "first nights" many of them with the Miss Terrys; and a hundred other hints of interesting experiences. And yet she could never be pursuaded to believe that her autobiography was in any way worth the writing!

But all her busy days were not spent among her intellectual and artistic equals. She devoured life omnivorously, and gave herself and her services with uncalculating gen-

erosity. Consequently she did not altogether escape from the danger of occasionally wasting her energies. At times and seasons she, like less purposeful natures, seems to have twisted ropes of sand on the margin of a sterile social sea. And although Mary Wakefield, fortunately for music in England, was not of the stuff that triflers are made of, we cannot help feeling that at this period of her existence she must often have found it difficult to consecrate to the deeper interests of life and art

> " Six moments of the bustling day
> Between the drive, the mart, the race,
> The rout, the concert and the play."

Therefore a shadow of melancholy sometimes comes over me when I consider her in these outwardly brilliant years before she had found the one great purpose of her life, and I find myself comparing her to a gay and gallant ship, equipped for high adventures and world-wide voyages, yet turned by circumstances into a pleasure yacht, moving in sunny, shallow waters, touching at a hundred attractive ports, admired and welcomed wherever fancy took her; yet for all that, her splendid powers restricted to uses which lesser craft could have fulfilled; debarred from the deep waters and ocean spaces of the world; often purposeless, often longing to take part in the storms, conflicts, and more glorious triumphs for which she was certainly predestined and fitted.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY WAKEFIELD AS A LECTURER.

The life which I have described in the foregoing chapters, divided between the yearly visit to London, with its studies and gaieties, the concert tours in England and Scotland, and the summer of comparative rest at Sedgwick, continued without much variation until the autumn of 1889, when it was interrupted by the sudden death of Mr. W. H. Wakefield. Eight or nine years previously Mary's father had been warned of a tendency to heart trouble, and had been obliged to give up some of the outdoor pursuits in which he excelled. Afterwards, his health having greatly improved, he once more allowed himself the pleasure of a gallop with the harriers, and it was while hunting with the Oxenholme pack that he met his tragic, yet not unenviable, end. A brisk run was just at its close, and Mr. Wakefield, leaping from his horse, stooped to secure the hare, when he fell with a ruptured aneurism and expired instantly. He was buried in the little churchyard surrounding the church at Crosscrake which he had been instrumental in rebuilding; the church, for the funds of which Mary had often sung, and made the training of the choir children one of the chief interests of her young days.

With the death of her father came inevitable changes. He was succeeded at Sedgwick by his son Jacob; and his widow, with her unmarried daughters, went to live at another family property, Eggerslack, in Grange. With the change of residence there came also a fresh activity into Mary Wakefield's life. She was now a woman in the late thirties, complete mistress of her destiny, and still possessed of a very fine voice. It was too late to think of a career as a concert, or operatic, singer, but her knowledge and experience in many branches of music suggested to her the idea of giving lecture-recitals and illustrating them entirely herself. Nowadays such entertainments are common enough—although even now it is comparatively rare to find the lecturer, singer, and accompanist combined in the person of one woman—but when Mary Wakefield took up this new work she found herself almost alone in the field. The date

of her first lecture was July 1st, 1890, and at that time, she told me, "I think Sir Frederick (then 'Dr.') Bridge, of Westminster, was the only lecturer on music who preceded me on my agent's books; and he did not generally give his own illustrations." Her lectures began fortuitously, without any deliberate intention of becoming—as they eventually did—the profession of her life for nearly ten years. Prompted by the wish to spread the knowledge of our national melodies in a popular way, she began by giving a farewell lecture on the eve of leaving Sedgwick. "No one was more surprised," she said, "than I was myself at the popularity of it a year later."

The following letter from Sir John Stainer seems to imply that it was at his suggestion that she began to put into the form of lectures some magazine articles which she had collected together with a view to publication in a volume. The letter bears no date except "July 20," but it seems more than likely that it refers to the series which appeared in *Murray's Magazine* from July to December, 1889, under the title "Foundation Stones of English Music." At all events the substance of these delightful articles is found again in the notes of her lectures on "English Melody," "Madrigal Time," &c.

Oxford,
July 20th.

Dear Miss Wakefield,

I am quite ashamed to have kept your little book so long, but I have at last found time to read it very carefully.

Although the articles are *admirable* as contributions to a perodical, I hardly think they would do in a book form. And yet I think it a pity they cannot be more generally read, as there is a broad healthy tone about them which is quite refreshing.

If you could gve them in various parts of the country as *lectures* with copious *illustrations* of the works quoted *well sung* it would be of great value educationally. Their literary style too would suggest their use in such a form. Those who had read them in the magazine would be glad to hear them again for the sake of the illustrations.

Believe me,
Yours truly,
J. Stainer.

The lecture-recitals brought her into contact with a great number of new correspondents and acquaintances, some of whom became real friends. Many of her old note books and letters show the trouble she took to get accurate information

about the songs she selected as illustrations. For her lecture on Irish National Melodies we find her corresponding with Sir Charles Stanford and Sir Robert Stewart (Professor of Music in the University of Dublin from 1861 until his death in 1894), and indirectly with Mr. P. H. Joyce, of the Board of National Education. Sir John Stainer and the late Mr. A. H. Bullen, of the British Museum, interested themselves in her researches among old English Carols. In her study of the Scotch folk melody she had the sympathy of Sir Herbert Oakley (Professor of Music in the University of Dublin from 1865 until his resignation in 1891) whose acquaintance she had made nearly ten years earlier when she first began to be known as a singer in Edinburgh. On one occasion, after she had been singing for the University Musical Society, he pours out his indignation at the lack of appreciation shown by the Press: "The concert was a brilliant success and, if all is considered, a triumph over great and special difficulties. Not half those youths ever sang in parts, even if they had ever seen a note of music four months ago. And, yet, as you heard, their chorus singing was thrilling and excellent. Yet not one of the papers has a generous account, and the leading one abuses everything! . . . . One ignoramus abuses your 'exaggerated expression and misplaced pathos' and says 'it is a questionable liberty for a *lady* to sing the music of 'Orfeo,' as if he thought Gluck had written it for a '*gentleman*.' . . . . I wish you would write me a letter on the students' singing —especially of 'Cam ye by Athole' and 'Omnia vincit,' their two best efforts—which I might read to them. You may perhaps imagine after such a concert, the labour of months, my disgust at the manner in which the whole thing is misrepresented to those not present." Sir Herbert Oakley was no Wagnerian devotee, nor apparently was Mary Wakefield, in 1884, although she was too much a child of her day not to be influenced, if not carried away, by contemporary enthusiasm. "I agree with you as to the Prelude to 'Parsifal,'" he says, in one of his letters to her, "the fine passage to which you allude, the 'Dresden Amen' the best motive in it, is not Wagner's. . . . As to this being the music of the future—*cela dépend*! There are futures and futures; some in one place, some in another." In 1889, while she was preparing her lecture on Scottish National Melody, he wrote to her as follows:

53, Grand Parade,
Eastbourne,
October 30th, '89.

Dear Miss Wakefield,

Much has been written *re* Scottish Song, often inaccurately termed "Scottish Music," which is misleading, as the latter seems to imply instrumental and choral music, of which there is next to nothing *chez L'Ecosse*,—those natives who have made such music having acquired their knowledge in foreign or English "Schools," and who, excepting when they introduce actual national tunes, have nothing in their music which can be dubbed "Scottish."

So that it is important to place the national song music under spontaneous or untrained melody, such as received its first illustration (as in the case of "Duncan Gray") by a whistling carter who is said to have composed it, and not under cultivated art. As I have frequently said, the less of high and artistic culture in any European country, the more famed has become its national music; for instance Hungary, Spain, Switzerland, Tyrol, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, wherein, until recently, composers have been but few. It seems as if the absence of musical art causes nations to break out into untaught melody, "unpremeditated art," like the Skylark.

In all treatises on the subject by Scotch writers, great exaggeration is shown, and want of appreciation and intelligence in regard to the music of more musical countries. This has been to a great extent caused by natives never, until lately, having heard the latter.

A great reason for the value of Scottish song is that the words are, as a rule, so fine. Of course you know that some of the most interesting tunes are not by natives. But I am writing an article, instead of answering your questions.

If I were you, I would ask Paterson to lend you all they have on the subject, including Graham's, 3 vols. 800 songs, with notes, I mean annotations.

I will send you a "Scottish Song," by one who, "for better or for worse" has more Scottish than English blood in his veins.

Yours sincerely,

HERBERT OAKLEY.

Some idea of the wide field of musical knowledge and research covered by her enterprise may be gained from the titles of the lectures, as they appear in a syllabus which Mary Wakefield sent out at one time through a lecture agency. They are as follows:

English National Melody.
Scotch National Melodies.
Irish National Melodies.
Shakespeare's Songs and their Musical Settings.
Songs of Four Nations (England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales).
The Songs of Schubert.
The Songs of Schumann.

The Songs of Handel.
Madrigal Time.
A " Jubilee " Lecture on Victorian Song.

She also arranged some of the national songs in the form of short entertainments suitable for conversaziones, &c. They were timed to last about twenty minutes. Sometimes she gave in this form an illustrated lecturette on " Characteristics of Scotch Songs," or " The Skene and Straloch MSS." The subject of English National Melody, on the other hand, was often expanded into four exhaustive and scholarly lectures which were sub-divided thus :

I. The 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries. The Monks and Minstrels.

II. English Melody under Elizabeth, including contemporary settings of some of Shakespeare's Songs.

III. English Melody in the 17th Century. Cavaliers and Roundheads. Two Great Song Writers.

IV. English Melody in the 18th Century. Musicians and the Folk.

Mary Wakefield fully recognized and valued the influence of national temperament and political history upon the music of a people. In the first of these lectures she claims that the great majority of English melodies possess " hymn-like " characteristics. " Our greatest composers have always excelled in devotional music (for the Madrigal School might well come under such a head), and in appreciation of it we stand first; for England is assuredly the home, if not the birthplace, of the Oratorio." Endorsing, to a great extent, the well-known saying that the English " take their pleasure sadly," she goes on :

" English character is celebrated for its quiet restraint and an unemotional spirit; and it certainly does seem as if this quiet, unemotional, slightly puritanical spirit of the English people had crept somewhat into its airs, though it is needless to say there are numerous exceptions to this rule. Many of them, as has before been said, might be hymns; by far the greatest number are in minor keys, even those appertaining to jollity and revelry, as in the air known as ' Henry VIII.'s tune.' "

Following the classification of Ruskin, who says that " Love or War formed always the definite subject of the piper or minstrel," she divides English melodies into " the hymn-like class which almost invariably represents the Eng-

lish Love Song, and, secondly, all those songs in celebration of great national events or possessions "—i.e., the Patriotic Song. "Wagner," she adds, "considered the patriotic airs the most representative of our national song, and remarked that *Rule Britannia* contained in the first eight bars the whole character of the British people! But Wagner did not love England or the English, and I would much prefer to think that our national melody was best represented by such a beautiful song as 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'"

It is impossible to recapitulate all the points of special interest to the musical student which these lectures raise and illuminate. Beginning with some of the earliest airs handed down to us by monk or minstrel, she surveys the history of part-singing and the peculiarities of form associated with different districts, back to the time of "Summer is a-coming in"—"the earliest secular composition in parts known to exist in any country." She makes an interesting comment, in passing, upon "that curious and perfectly natural gift, vulgarly known as 'singing seconds,' namely the power to sing a spontaneous part to an air, generally a third or a sixth below the melody, which is still to be found in the north of England among quite young untaught children and wholly musically-uneducated grown-up persons. This . . . . seems to prove that the present great superiority of north-country voices is an inheritance of centuries."

In the third lecture of this series, Mary discusses the gradual rise of instrumental music under the Stuarts, the appearance of printed collections of songs (then called Garlands), the performance of national dances *without* the words which were formerly an integral part of them, and the development of fuller accompaniments to song. She gives a curious instance of the persistence of certain tunes in popular memory. "The air of 'Love will find out the way' (one of the most beautiful of 17th century melodies) was still current in 1855, when the organist of All Saints', Maidstone, noted it down from the singing of the wandering hop-pickers there." She then describes the introduction of the Masque,—"a species of play with music and songs . . . . of which Milton's *Comus* is a good instance," and the secret cult of Royalist songs which flourished under the Commonwealth.

Mention is also made of the songs relating to the Harvest Home, which form "quite a literature of themselves, and are first to be found written down in the reign of Charles II., though they are no doubt older." This section concludes with a special reference to Lawes and Purcell, "the great representatives of English 17th century music." Of the latter she says: "It is much to be wished that more attention was given to his works, which seem to me to possess all the breadth of Handel with an interest which is absolutely their own. . . . I am always a little at a loss to account for the extraordinary devotion of the English people to Handel, unless it be that he always repeats his good things over and over again till it would be impossible that anyone however unmusical could fail to understand them!"

In speaking of the 18th century, she gives a high place to the work of Dr. Arne, of whom she says: "I have purposely tried in each of these lectures to refer you to the *pastoral character* to be found in such abundance in English national song; and it seems to me that in Arne this prominent characteristic reached a glorified eminence. In nearly all his songs there is, not only in choice of words, but in flow of melody, the suggestion and right interpretation of outdoor life and feeling. 'Spring comes laughing' with every note." Bishop she regards as the "least really English composer of his age."

In lecturing on the National Melodies of Scotland, Mary Wakefield said without hesitation: "It is my opinion that no national songs possess such a wealth or variety of beauty as do the Scotch. . . . In comparison with the English songs, very little is certainly known of their early history (history prior to the 16th century), but the following two centuries poured forth lilts that no European nation I think can touch for beauty of melody, for passion, and for power." For the historical reasons of this supremacy she quotes the "somewhat fanciful" arguments of Ruskin in *Fors Clavigera* as to the influences which went to the making of border minstrelsy.

Passing on to more technical criticism, she names three prominent characteristics of Scottish melody—first the "Scotch snap" or catch, the short note coming first, followed by the long one, secondly the use of the pentatonic scale, and thirdly the peculiarity of the closes; the melodies

end on nearly every note in the scale. A survey of the origins of Scottish folk-music, as far as can be gathered from reliable sources, follows; special prominence being given to the treasures found at a comparatively late date in the Skene MS. She speaks with fine insight and sympathy of Gaelic music, which "has such an entirely distinctive character of its own." But, returning to the Border melodies, she considers the 18th century "the golden era of Scotch song." "Auld Lang Syne" she describes as "the national anthem of the English-speaking race."

In the notes of her lecture on Irish National Melody we find a further definition of the characteristics of the music of the three British Isles. "Roughly speaking, I would sum up the characteristics of the three races' melody in six words:—English, pastoral; Scotch, passionate; Irish, patriotic." Speaking again of the importance of race, temperament, and history as factors in every national art, Mary goes on to say: "The effect of national *character* on song is more easy to follow than the historical influence;—for instance, it is open to anyone to judge of the Irish temperament, and it is equally easy for the most casual observer to see that the whole Irish nature is of that impressionable and emotional quality which is, above all others, easily appealed to by artistic influences, creative of them and responsive to them, with every shade of its rainbow-hued sympathy, leaving its stamp on the nation's song; though the great characteristic of Irish character—brilliance, combined with want of steady perseverance—has also stamped all classes of its art. An Irish writer has said that 'Irish poetry consists of exquisite lyric outbursts, but alone of all nations of Europe the Celts do not possess an epic poem which takes an acknowledged place in universal literature. . . Irish music has never risen beyond an air. The great music of the world has been produced by peoples of inferior sympathies but greater industry.'" Then follows a scholarly appreciation of Irish traditional music from a very early date, which Mary classifies as Love-Songs, Patriotic Songs, and Songs of Occupation, under which heading she includes Lullabies—a large and important class.

The lectures on "Shakespeare's Songs" and "Madrigal Time" naturally cover a good deal of the ground gone over in the full course of lectures on "English Melody;" but we find in the manuscript of the former a plea for the

Love-Song which may well be quoted as summing up the strong human feeling and wide sympathy which Mary brought to all her work in the realm of music:

"It would be difficult to conclude this sketch of Shakespeare's Songs without asking the question—What *is* the subject, over any other, for song? . . . The question of subject is easily answered. As in the relative number of these lyrics, one to another, we have found eighteen love-songs under one heading, and the next, the 'pastoral' heading, only approaching it with eleven examples, so, in all ages and countries, Love is *the* subject that appeals beyond all others to music. Be it in the song of the people, in the dramatic song, or in the greatest heights of romanticism, the Love-Song outnumbers every other, for truly 'music is the food of love.' . . . The greatest Love-Songs, such as 'Du meine Seele,' are, I venture to think, the greatest music of the world; there are further heights familiar to all of us belonging to the intellectual in music, but the human feeling in such songs lifts the art far beyond intellectual greatness, into regions that should be called divine. This power, the expression of all human feeling, was Shakespeare's, and it remains the pre-eminent subject for song."

It was to the immense gain and pleasure of her audiences, though perhaps in some respects a loss to posterity, that Mary put so much of her best energy and knowledge into these song-recitals and lectures. They captivated many people who were not in the ordinary sense musical, because of the spirit and vitality with which she delivered them. Years after hearing her, a doctor once said to her sister that "the ease with which she overcame the physical strain of talking, singing, and accompanying herself for two hours was splendid. It was like a fine athletic feat."

The *resumé* of her lecture-work given in the foregoing pages is important because it shows that she was a pioneer as regards the revival of interest in national melody; for twenty years, or more, ago there was less talk and research expended upon the question of our traditional songs than there is at present.

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDSHIP WITH RUSKIN.

Mary Wakefield's friendship with Ruskin began in 1875 or 1876. Their first meeting took place at Oxford, in Mr. Alexander Wedderburn's rooms at Balliol. In the earlier pages of this book I have said that Mary often stayed with the Wedderburns in London, and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, knowing that she was on a visit to Mrs. Humphrey Ward at Oxford, and being anxious that Ruskin should hear her sing, made up a luncheon party which included besides Mary and her hostess, the late Lord Dalhousie, and Mr. G. N. Tallents. After lunch they all adjourned to Mr. Tallents' rooms, where there was a piano. The first song that Mary sang to Ruskin was "Voi che sapete," and when she had finished, he said to her: "Young lady, when you know what love is you'll not sing it like that." An astonishing criticism, which took all the other listeners by surprise, since they thought she had sung it splendidly, with fine fervour. After this, the acquaintance must have ripened slowly until in the late 'seventies Ruskin made his home in Coniston, when they began to meet more frequently. About this time a correspondence was started, chiefly at first with Mrs. Wakefield and afterwards with Mary herself, which covered a period of fifteen years. These notes and letters, although of no literary value, afford a few pleasant glimpses of her visits to Brantwood which she herself recorded in her article entitled "Brantwood, Coniston: John Ruskin's Home," published in *Murray's Magazine*, November, 1890. Like everything Ruskin wrote—even of the slightest—they show that personal touch which—as the co-editors of the new complete edition of his works have so well said—"constitutes the secret of his charm."* I had hoped to give Mary Wakefield's friends and fellow-workers the pleasure of reading these intimate and perfectly natural letters from one whom she profoundly revered; letters which amply prove—

* The Complete Works of John Ruskin, edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn, K.C. George Allen. 1903.

if proof be wanting—how warm and paternally indulgent was the interest which Ruskin took in Mary herself and in her æsthetic development. But the executors of the late John Ruskin being unable—doubtless for good reasons—to sanction the publication of this correspondence, I can only convey in general terms some idea of the contents of the letters, in so far as they mark the progress of a friendship which certainly exercised an influence upon Mary Wakefield's early ideals, and possibly upon her later efforts to bring good music into the life of the masses.

One can readily understand that her youthful and sunny personality, her natural and unspoilt talent, and above all her enthusiasm for the revival of genuine arts among the people, would appeal with a peculiar charm to the ageing poet, upon whom the mantle of the prophet hung just then heavily enough. He was suffering acutely, at many periods of their intercourse, from illness, personal troubles and disheartenments, and a profound disillusionment with the country he so ardently longed to reform. Mary's visits gave him healing and consolation, as much by her individuality as by her art. He once told her that although few people cared more for her singing, it was not that which he prized most in their intercourse.

Ruskin had bought the Brantwood property in 1871, from W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver, who had lived and worked there for some years. Subsequent tenants, Mr. Collingwood tells us in his Life of Ruskin, had adorned the exterior of the house with revolutionary mottoes—"God and the People" and so forth. Regarded as a habitation, however, it was at the time of purchase "a rough-cast country cottage; old, damp, decayed; smoky-chimneyed and rat-ridden." But the charm of the place for Ruskin was—as he himself expressed it—"five acres of rock and moor and streamlet, and I think the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire, with the sunset visible over the same." The landscape had indeed already been endeared to poets' eyes. Wordsworth had frequented its heights, and his favourite seat was pointed out to visitors. Tennyson also had a particular seat appropriated to him by local tradition after he had lived for some time in the neighbourhood.

The letters written by Ruskin to Mary and her mother are in many instances undated, but all seem to belong to the period following Ruskin's return to Brantwood in June,

1877, from Italy, where he had spent the greater part of a year. The correspondence must have begun very shortly after Ruskin had paid a visit to Sedgwick in the autumn of that year, for in his first letter he refers to having heard the voices of Mary and her sister Agnes floating up through the lofty hall, described earlier in the book, until they reached him in the room where he was reposing upstairs. Under this inspiration he set down some thoughts upon music of which he sends the proof-sheets to Mary for perusal. At the same time he playfully reproaches her for having induced him to read some scientific book which sought to prove that the music of Nature had no existence save in the imagination of the listeners; a point of view which found no favour with Ruskin, to whom the carolling of the thrush and the silvery song of some rock-encumbered streamlet were music as real and enjoyable as that produced by human art. Was not one of the best features of his work the clearance which he effected of many old superstitions as to ideal beauty in art, which had deterred the artist from listening to the voice of Nature and so experiencing the manifold forms of emotion which she had power to awaken in him ?

Early in 1878 Ruskin broke down in health and was laid aside for some months with the first of his serious attacks of brain-trouble. He was able to leave home to recuperate in June, and did not return to Brantwood till November, when he occupied himself chiefly with botany for the rest of the year. Many of his letters to the Wakefields now turn upon plants. He was unable to accept an invitation to Sedgwick, but pleads with his friends to visit him in his solitude and break the stillness with the echoes of music. At New Year, 1879, he speaks of the delight with which he unpacked and arranged a present of flowers from Sedgwick, and henceforth he frequently touches on botanical questions; asking Mrs. Wakefield to raise him specimen plants in her hothouses, or expressing gratitude for rare examples of iris, or lily, which had proved useful in his studies. He was chiefly interested at this time in floral mimicry, and in such plants as simulate the characteristics of others. In January, 1879, he records in a few words a memorable day when all the world was whirring on skates and he and Mrs. Severn crossed Coniston Lake on the ice, with bright sunshine rejoicing their hearts on this unique walk.

Ruskin lived chiefly in retirement at Brantwood till the

end of 1881, and it was about this time that some of the most delightful of Mary's visits—enjoyed equally by host and guest—seem to have been paid him. The turret-room, to which he occasionally alludes in his invitations, was in the older part of the house, in which Ruskin had built out at one corner a projecting turret to command the view on all sides "with windows strongly latticed to resist the storms." We recall his wonderful word picture of the dawn as he saw it from this window: "Morning breaks as I write along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods and the sleeping village, and the long lawn of the lake side." No wonder this was Mary's favourite room from which she could dominate her world as completely as from her own "Tower of Song" at Sedgwick.

There is something almost pathetic in Mr. W. G. Collingwood's account of Ruskin's "life-long attempts to qualify as a musician." From his undergraduate days until the close of his existence he was always striving to learn something more about the art for which he had "a great love, and within certain limits a true taste, but no talent."* In his affection for unsophisticated music, such as the old National Songs of England, France and Scotland, and his hatred of certain types of love-song—chiefly German—which he called "songs of seduction," he reminds us of Tolstoy. Indeed many of his views about music are as incomprehensible and repugnant to the cultured musician as those of the Russian philosopher; but his tastes were more varied and oddly inconsistent. He enjoyed "Claribel," Corelli, and the Christy Minstrels, tolerated Handel, and detested Mendelssohn. Late in life he attempted composition on his own account, and left a few trifling efforts which, as Mr. Collingwood remarks, "need never see the light."

He had a good deal of teaching at various periods of his life. At college he appears to have taken lessons in the pianoforte and singing; some years afterwards he studied harmony and composition with West, and as late as 1888 he received some instruction from Mr. Roberts of Sandgate; while more than once he expresses his willingness to be taught and helped by Mary Wakefield. Of all this learning,

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* "Ruskin's Music." By W. G. Collingwood. *Good Words*, October, 1902.

the most profitable efforts—from the practical point of view—were the singing lessons of his young days which enabled him to manage a voice of great charm and resonance, so that, in spite of a tendency to throat and chest trouble, he was always able to read or lecture with apparent ease and clearness of diction. No one realised more fully than Mary Wakefield Ruskin's limitations as regards the art which filled her life to overflowing. In an article upon "Music and Great Men" she tells us that although he never understood music technically his slight practical knowledge of it afforded him keen enjoyment. It was the inner meaning of music which specially interested him. His musical ideas, she considers were formed on those of Plato. "His knowledge of the art being limited, he could not arrive at the intellectual interest of the higher forms of music, and therefore missed in these the emotional power which he so readily recognized in its simpler forms." Brought up largely upon Italian operatic music, his tastes underwent some curious changes before, in later life, he became convinced of the great value of music as an influence in education and morals.

At the time when Mary Wakefield became intimate with him, the music which Ruskin appreciated most, and most frequently asked her to sing to him, was that of the old Italian masters. At one period he was genuinely interested in the sacred compositions of the Venetian Caldara. On the question of old and new music there seems to have been often some playful sparring between the friends, Ruskin teasing Mary a little about her preference for the modern schools. In her girlhood she was not famed for early rising, and her capacity for sleeping was a joke in her family. We find Ruskin warning her that this tendency to excessive somnolence may lead to her sharing the fate of Rip van Winkle; and reminding her how tame it would be to wake up and return to the world to sing only the ditties of a bygone day.

By the time the correspondence had run into the 'eighties, Ruskin had changed the formal "Dear Miss Wakefield" into "My dear Mary," and signed himself "ever your affectionate, Ruskin."

About the end of 1881 Ruskin removed to London for a year or two, eventually resuming his lectureship at Oxford, and paying only flying visits to Brantwood. The summer vacation of 1883 saw him once more settled at Coniston. We learn from Mr. Collingwood that Ruskin was making

some efforts at that time to get the village children taught music " with more accuracy of tune and time than the ordinary singing-lessons allowed." He tried to introduce a set of bells for training the ear to observe tones and intervals. " But it was difficult to interfere with the routine of studies prescribed by the code." Some account of his efforts in this direction at Coniston is given in *Fors Clavigera.*

On one occasion Mary asked him to make her one of his well known drawings of feathers, a brown turkey feather, such as he had done for his niece Mrs. Severn, and other friends. But he replied pointing out to her that it would be a longer and more laborious task than she had estimated—at least two days' work—and he also cast some doubt upon her appreciation of such a drawing. He goes so far as to assert that he has never seen her take any interest in the works of art which hung on the walls of his home. Similar reproaches for her lack of enthusiasm for the sister art of painting occur from time to time in his letters. We feel that a less frank and sincere person than herself might at least have pretended to some interest in the pictures at Brantwood! We must remember, however, that this was written just before her second visit to Italy, from which time forward she began to show an awakened love of pictures, which increased as her tastes widened and matured. Certainly in the latter years of her life one could hardly have accused her of indifference or ignorance in the matter. She, who loved Nature so passionately, and noted during her long cross-country drives all " Earth's royal aspects of delight," can never have been really insensible to the beauties of a fine picture, especially a fine landscape.

At the same time there was probably a measure of justice in Ruskin's inclusion of her in his general reproach to modern painters and musicians that they were usually too well-content with and absorbed in their respective vocations to escape into other realms of thought; nor was he unjust in his more directly personal reproach that she was wasting some of the best time of her life in yielding too easily to social pressure and giving her services on unimportant occasions. He reminds her that some of the greatest Venetian painters were also musicians, and tries to beguile her into exercising her pencil and brush by promising to draw something for her if she will copy it. It was fortunate for the musical life of rural England that Mary Wakefield did not

spend as much time in trying to be a painter as Ruskin did in trying to be a musician. Yet, knowing Mary Wakefield in later years, we must acknowledge that some of these admonitions not to limit her activities and thought too exclusively to music must have been taken to heart, and that they conduced to that wide outlook and varied interest in life by which she afterwards showed herself so different from the average singer—amateur or professional.

The last letter which Mary received from Ruskin—or at least the last which she preserved—is dated January 30th, 1887, and is perhaps the most touching in its expression of his warm affection for her. In it he complains of the mass of correspondence with strangers in which he found himself involved, and the infrequency of her own welcome communications. Mary was not at any time of her life given to voluminous letter-writing.

Mary's own personal reminiscences of Ruskin as she knew him under his own roof were gathered up in the article already alluded to ("Brantwood, Coniston: John Ruskin's Home"), which she contributed to *Murray's Magazine* about ten years before his death* Later records from so sympathetic a visitor would doubtless have had an interest and a pathos all their own, for she saw him—as she tells us elsewhere—until a very short time of the end. But the picture she has here given us of Brantwood in the 'eighties shows the Master still as the genial and indefatigable host, putting his beautiful treasure-house at the service of his guests, and reading Scott's novels aloud to them in the evenings,—"he knew many of them by heart, and they never failed to give him unfeigned delight."

"Looking back," she then writes, "on fifteen years' happy friendship with the owner and inmates of Brantwood, one particularly bright red-letter day stands out clearly defined on the horizon of time, to be recalled even now with vivid distinctness, while many more recent events have faded away into the unremembered past. As such, at any rate, I have always regarded my first visit to Brantwood; it has been succeeded by many happy memories of bright days spent under its roof, and is connected with many of life's most

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*The extracts from this article are reprinted by the kind permission of the publisher, Mr. John Murray, 50, Albermarle Street, W.

valued associations, but nothing can ever efface the impression made upon one in youth by the first vision of a great life and its surroundings, which tell at every turn of that life's wonderful work. To this day I never turn up the Brantwood drive without remembrances, aspirations, hopes I thought dead, springing to life again in connection with that well-remembered day of long ago."

Describing the approach to Brantwood by road, she quotes Ruskin's own maxim—"Going by railroad I do not consider travelling at all; it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel"; and says it has always been her custom—not wishing to be received as a parcel—to take the long drive of over thirty miles through some of the most beautiful parts of her well-beloved Westmorland and Lancashire; a district of which Wordsworth has said that "the stranger, from the moment he puts his foot on Lancaster sands, seems to leave the turmoil and traffic of the world behind him, and crossing the majestic plain where the sea has retired, he beholds, rising apparently from its base, the cluster of mountains among which he is going to wander, and by whose recesses, by the Vale of Coniston, he is gradually and peacefully led." "Certainly," says Mary, "it has often seemed to me that the drive, either alone with the mountains, about which Ruskin has taught us so much, or perhaps in converse with a friend as to that which was the object of our journey, was no inappropriate preparation for the mind, to gather its utmost from society and scenes which those who have known them will unhesitatingly pronounce one of the privileges of their lives."

Nearing his journey's end, the traveller leaves the main road which would bring him to the village, and turns off "down a steep and winding lane, which is followed on the high ground along the shores of the lake for about two miles, until you come quite suddenly upon a singularly peaceful-looking little nook, from whence opens out the short carriage-drive, under tall larches on one side, and a lovely mossy wall, covered with a profusion of ferns, on the other, bringing us to the door, and hearty welcome, which at Brantwood is always bestowed at the threshold; an excellent type of that courtesy and kindness which, from the moment you enter it, is showered upon its visitor. I still see its courteous master, hat in hand, with gracious words of welcome and affection, before the hospitable lintel is

passed, reiterated on all sides by the happy party that forms his home."

Once within the charmed circle of Ruskin's family life, Mary yielded herself wholeheartedly to the glamour of his personality, and her records lack nothing of the fervour and idealization to which his grateful guests have accustomed us. Never was prophet more honoured in his own country than Ruskin by the disciples who gathered round him in his lakeland home. After describing the entrance-hall at Brantwood, and the drawing-room and dining-room with their pictures and decorations, she goes on to speak of Ruskin's study as " the ' holy of holies ' of the house, sanctified by the daily work, thoughts and prayers of one of the greatest, most reverent and holy minds the world is ever likely to know."

" What does not that wonderful study embrace? No taste, hardly a pursuit, but is here represented by some of the most beautiful things in the world, which are the pride alike of nature and art to lay at the feet of those who truly love them; and over all reigns that quiet care and order typical of their master's mind.

" Round the little bow-window where Mr. Ruskin's table and arm-chair are always placed is a low, wide shelf, where a little garden of flowers gladdens his eyes; a branch of sweet briar and scented heather, the lovely white harebells and the tiny rock roses, all have a share of his daily regard. Carefully placed among them are the last geological specimens which may have excited the Professor's interest in his daily walks, collected in this lovely region whence even stones have been made to speak his beautiful thoughts and language to the world at large. From the window we look straight down on the peaceful waters of Coniston Lake, and across it to the farmhouse—' with its ivied chimneys thick and strong like castle towers,' where Sir Philip Sidney loved to visit Anne, Countess of Pembroke,—on to the broad base of the ' Old Man.' How Mr. Ruskin loves his own particular lake he has told the world, and given her fame. Every day he has lived there, I believe I may say, his love for his north-country home has increased; and it would not be more than the truth to state that no lights or shadows on the ' Old Man,' no ripple or dark evening cloud passes over the lake, but has had its interest for, and won fresh affection from, him who finds poetry and teaching in every

phase of nature. . . . Such is the ever-present view from his window, varied according to Nature's moods, and well calculated to inspire a Ruskin, were inspiration needed."

Returning to her more personal memories of the place, she then goes on: "How often in the study has Mr. Ruskin warmly greeted me, and spent hours in showing the stores of his treasure-house with the kindest explanations and the most interesting histories connected with each; beginning with the beautiful Madonna and Child over the fireplace, a splendid specimen of Luca della Robbia's best work, a dearly-loved item in the collection; and passing on to where, round it on shelves, are ranged the valuable Greek vessels, dug up in Cyprus by General Cesnola, for the possession of which Mr. Ruskin paid an enormous sum, half of which was promptly confiscated from the General by the Greek government. Most of these vessels date between 700 and 800 B.C., and are as lovely in form as they are historically interesting. The marvellous collection of Greek coins, the missals, manuscripts, minerals, crystals, cabinets full of Turners of renown, are indefinitely known by many people to form this 'King's Treasury,' but known almost more as some fanciful palace in the air than as a reality; and indeed it is difficult in words to give any idea of the wealth of beauty and interest contained here, or to make selections among them when all are worthy of description. . . . Few people in youth, or for that matter in age, could have felt otherwise than that their minds had been lifted to the wonderful in Nature and in Art, and to the idea of true greatness therein, as he would have it, by a visit to the study of John Ruskin; though such a visit as I have endeavoured to describe is the result of selections made from those of fifteen years rolled into one, and only possible on paper."

Two portraits in particular she notes with special interest, "before leaving the house to wander about the lovely moorland and woodland paths with which Brantwood is surrounded; they are both in Mrs. Severn's bedroom, and represent Mr. Ruskin's father, and himself in 1857. They are both crayon drawings by George Richmond; the one of Mr. Ruskin showing that the charm of expression, with which those who have only known him in later years are familiar, was equally present in youth. The likeness altogether still remains remarkable, and to its owner, Mrs. Severn, this portrait is a priceless possession: a beautiful

recent engraving has been done from it by Hore, of which I am glad to possess a print.

"'Now you must come all over the gardens, or you won't have half seen Brantwood,' says Mrs. Severn, the best and kindest of cicerones;—this was on my red-letter day, so far back in the dark ages that I only like to think of the day, not at all of the distance of time that has intervened! Since then, either in company or alone, I have wandered many times over the lovely Brantwood paths, most of them cut out of the wood by Mr. Ruskin himself, 'where views of exceeding splendour and beauty are commanded in all lights,' until every footstep has some pleasant memory. First we will go to the Fairfield seat (the 'show' walk at Brantwood for those who cannot mount the moor) in springtime; walking there through a perfect mist of hyacinths 'opening in flakes of blue fire,' an easy pleasant ascent among woods, from which you come out quite suddenly upon a most gorgeous mountain view. . . . The grandeur of the hills, contrasting with the peace of the valley, has no more favoured point from which it can be seen; but those who can will not be content without a further climb on to the little moor just above the house, as I saw it last,—a mass of heather and bracken, mingled with the late wild raspberries and strawberries which abound at Brantwood: the things this little moor grows by nature, and still further has been made to grow by art, would make a long story! I must be content to tell of the juniper and dog roses clustering everywhere, and mount a little higher by the path which leads over into the Grisedale Valley, when we suddenly find ourselves in a cherry orchard! Mr. Ruskin agrees to keep this orchard for the benefit of the birds who are his tenants, for there are seldom cherries to be found there except by themselves."

One is tempted to quote extensively when Mary Wakefield writes on such a congenial theme; but it is easy to judge from these extracts how many happy memories of Brantwood were woven into her own gardening experiments at Nutwood, which afforded some of the most welcome resources of her later life.

Mary concludes her personal recollections with an account of "Jumping Jenny"—"a boat of Mr. Ruskin's own design—a good boat and a very safe one, doing credit alike to her great designer and to the local joiner who carried

out his plans. The last time I was in the ' Jumping Jenny ' was alone with the Professor rowing, and I remember well he talked of Byron's poetry in his own beautiful fashion. We both loved it, and said so, in these days when literary fashion scoffs at it somewhat. No Englishman has ever expressed passion as Byron did; Swinburne's is an almighty force of passion, but Byron's is the warmth of a southern temperament which hardly realizes its own exceptional quality. All this and much more occupied a journey across the lake to Thwaite; the ' Jump ' acquitting herself manfully, bearing in mind that as she carries waves and stars all over her shining bows, the arms of Sir Francis Drake, navigator, so she must act up to the grandeur of her proud escutcheon."

Among Mary Wakefield's precious possessions at Nutwood was her collection of Ruskin's works, several of which contained inscriptions in the author's own hand. The dedication in " Sesame and Lilies " runs thus : " Mary Wakefield to whose bright and gifted nature—good in the kindest sense, the author is thankful for some of the happiest hours of his old age." In his " Seven Lamps of Architecture " he wrote : " To Mary Wakefield, but the author hopes she'll not read the book." This was because in later years he was not quite satisfied with its original form.

Ruskin died at Brantwood on the 20th of January, 1900, and was buried on the 25th in the little churchyard of Coniston. The funeral service, impressive as it could not fail to be, by reason of the beauty and appropriateness of its background and the sorrowing tribute of the mourners to a national loss, was made doubly memorable to all those present by Mary Wakefield's singing of Sir Herbert Oakeley's setting of the hymn " Comes at times a stillness as of Evening." In a letter written subsequently, the composer says : " My special reason for writing now is to thank you much for associating my name with the last solemn Rite of so illustrious a man yesterday by singing ' Comes at times.' It is a great honour." One can well imagine that Mary, out of the warmth of her affection for her old friend, would in such an act of homage give of her very best.

CHAPTER VI.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

Mary Wakefield's literary work falls naturally into three sections: first her writings on Ruskin, including a little volume entitled *Ruskin on Music* and an article in *Murray's Magazine* already alluded to; secondly her descriptive articles on places of historical interest, or phases of Cumberland and Westmorland life, or scenes which appealed to her in the course of travel; and thirdly, short papers contributed from time to time to magazines and newspapers on musical subjects, and particularly in later years on musical competitions and festivals, and the organization of local choirs.

In October, 1896, Mary contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* an article entitled "Home Arts in the Cumberland Mountains," giving an account of the Keswick School of Industrial Art. This, one of the earliest centres of the modern handicraft movement in the British Isles, bears noble witness to the influence of Ruskin in his own beloved country of the lakes, and no less to the practical devotion of its founders, Mr. and Mrs. Hardwick Rawnsley, whose labours receive a worthy tribute here. During the summer following the death of Ruskin, an exhibition of his own drawings, his best art treasures at Brantwood, and many personal relics and memorials, was held at Coniston in the "little grey slate building under the dark guardianship of Yewdale Crags" which formed the nucleus of the present Ruskin Museum. Mary Wakefield wrote an account of this in the *Northern Counties Magazine* for February, 1901.

In the admirable and discerning compilation entitled *Ruskin on Music,* which Mary Wakefield published through Mr. George Allen in 1894,* we find many suggestive reminiscences of those talks between the songs in the evenings at Brantwood, of which the letters quoted in a previous chapter give us some delightful hints. In a short preface she says:

"The following extracts have been gathered together merely with the view of putting in collective form the thoughts of Ruskin on Music for the use of his many students

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* The volume is now out of print.

who are also interested in the art of music; and who, accustomed to his manner of teaching, will look behind his words for the thoughts contained therein. To make people think, ever has been Mr. Ruskin's aim, and the passages he has written on music are no exception to the rule."

These passages, however, are linked together by sympathetic comments and applications of her own. She takes as a sort of text for the whole work a sentence in *Fors Clavigera*,—"The great purpose of music is to say a thing that you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way."

The introductory chapter treats of "The Ideal in Music;" and in summing up Ruskin's idealistic method of approach to every art, she remarks:

"I have found that nearly all his appreciative writing regarding it [music] belongs to the work of his later years, though a few words as to its moral power are to be found in the preface to Modern Painters (vol i., p. xxiv.) written in 1843. In youth music does not seem to have been an important influence in his life, so it is the more striking that in after life he gives it such full perception and importance."

Going on to relate how Ruskin gradually came to hear and observe good music in the course of his travels, Mary Wakefield quotes some previously unprinted portions of an essay which he wrote at the age of nineteen, under the title, "The Comparative Advantages of the Studies of Music and Painting." Herein he claims, as a primary distinction, that the power of responding to music is a "naturally implanted faculty" which man shares with the brute creation, "while the power of being gratified by painting is either the acquired taste of a cultivated mind or the peculiar gift of an elevated intellect."

But it would be unkind to repeat at any length the crude comparisons, always to the disparagement of music, both as to its effects and its estimated cost in time and labour, with which this youthful effusion abounds. Mary Wakefield goes on to give an extract from a letter which Ruskin wrote from Rome two years later in which she discerns "a certain growing appreciation of the best in music," and adds: "It seems curious that one who later so felt the depths of music's power should at first have been struck by little but its ear-tickling emotionalism. . . . In later years Ruskin loved Mozart and Scarlatti, which means a certain classic appreciation;

and I, personally, well remember his teaching of the ' meaning ' of ' Voi che sapete ' to be great in value to the singer, because it came in *where the notes and the words ended.*"

She then proceeds to gather up some of the pregnant sentences scattered through *Modern Painters, Two Paths, The Stones of Venice, The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and other works;—utterances, indeed, not always consistent with each other, but interesting as illustrations of Ruskin's increasing use of musical analogy in his criticism of art, and his deepening sense of the importance of music in the life of a people.

Taking a familiar passage in *Modern Painters* as to the executive and critical faculties being in great part independent of each other, and the unreasonableness of asking anyone to refrain from criticising a work of art unless he himself could produce a better, Mary Wakefield says : " It is in this critical perception of music's highest sentiment, which may be found in its simplest forms, that some of Ruskin's words about it touch what is held to be the soul of music. It is more easy to express this simply by means of an example, for which purpose such a song as ' The Land of the Leal ' may be taken. If the singer, intellectually and emotionally, conveys through its means, to its hearers, human longing, human sorrow, human loss, and the belief in a future life, there we have the soul of the music—not the mere words, not the mere tune, but something far beyond either and infinitely above them. This quality in music, so entirely its own, and so often absolutely overlooked, Ruskin has touched upon as only such a mind could do, and told us of its purpose."

She also quotes the criticism, so sadly needed at the time when it was penned, of the absence of art from most English Church worship. " The group calling themselves Evangelical ought no longer to render their religion an offence to men of the world by associating it only with the most vulgar forms of Art. It is not necessary that they should admit either Music or Painting into religious service; but if they admit either the one or the other, let it not be bad music nor bad painting : it is certainly in nowise more for Christ's honour that His praise should be sung discordantly, or His miracles painted discreditably, than that His Word should be preached ungrammatically." Mary Wakefield gives us a vivid glimpse of some of her struggles

with local choirs in the caustic comment: "If this passage received due attention, a revolution would be effected in some church and chapel singing, where often the sounds are such that the only possible conclusion is that any howl will do for God!"

She frankly criticises some of Ruskin's more debatable utterances as to the supremely *sensual* appeal of music as compared with painting. She vigorously takes up the challenge of the words—"The great power of music over the multitude is owing not to its being less but *more* sensual in colour"—and replies: "One cannot help feeling that here speaks the art critic, jealous of the supremacy of the art he loves most. It could not be granted for an instant that the power over a multitude of such a song as 'Auld Lang Syne,' the National Anthem, or 'The girl I left behind me,' under certain circumstances, has even so much as a touch of what is ordinarily understood by the word sensual; . . . at any rate, a much higher range of feeling is produced by such airs and appealed to in them than mere pleasure of the senses. This expression of evidently misunderstood feeling makes one think that Mr. Ruskin, in his retired student life, could not at this time have experienced the effect, on a crowd, of simple strains, which he would have been the very first to feel and acknowledge with admiration."

In his later books, Mary Wakefield contends that Ruskin's views, "and even the manner of expressing them, were largely influenced by the well-known sayings of Plato relating to Music, contained in the 'Laws' and in the 'Republic.'" The substance of these is re-iterated, of course with his own comments and applications, in all that Ruskin wrote on the subject of education.

She quotes at some length Ruskin's statement of the "Principles of Music and of Song," from "Rock Honeycomb" and "Arrows of the Chace," including his incidental witticisms at the expense of the Coniston local Band, who rowed out into the middle of the Lake and regaled the neighbourhood with polka music, varied by "occasional sublimities—'My Maryland,' 'God save the Emperor,' and the like."

Then follows a thorny chapter on "Music and Morals." Mary Wakefield does not commit herself to the extreme views held by Ruskin on this highly controversial theme, but she states his case sympathetically and fairly in these words:

"The foundation of art in moral character is one of the things upon which Ruskin has insisted most forcibly throughout his writings; even those who have followed so far this little collection of his thoughts on music must feel that, for him, the full importance of all true art exists principally in its moral teaching. So far as it conveys the finest emotions, so far the art is fine; that which conveys to its hearers base emotions being no art at all. There is no need to discuss this teaching here; it is familiar to all Ruskin students, and whether accepted or not, is inseparable from his views on art." The quotations which follow are aptly chosen from *Fors Clavigera, Sesame and Lilies,* and the *Lectures on Art.* They include the familiar passage on Saint Cecilia,—a study, she says, which may have been suggested to Ruskin "by his minute consideration of his magnificent thirteenth-century musical service-book, or anti-phonaire. This belonged to, and was originally written for, the Abbesse of Beau Pré. All the music is in the old four-line stave, with the lozenge-shaped notes of the period; but what gorgeous colours, and what wondrous gold, did those thirteenth-century masters shower upon their well-loved vellum! (The specially beautiful Saint Cecilia leaf from it is reproduced as the frontispiece of this book, though of necessity on a diminished scale.)"

Turning from the Ruskin papers to her own travel-sketches and studies of country life, we find in "Memories of Spring in Sicily" a delightful record of a holiday in Taormina, and a visit to the Brontë estate at Maniace; contributed to the *Fortnightly Review,* April, 1905. Here her keen sense of colour and light in sky and landscape finds ample scope for expression. "Almond-blossom must be the blossom of fairyland; that delicate mother-o'-pearl hue of the almond groves against blue sky, or blue water—it matters not, are alike 'a vision entrancing,' and even a grey day now and then is welcome for the sake of the contrast, when illumination comes in the wake of the sunshine.

"In spring at Taormina nothing is so easy to understand as sun-worship. . . . A garden should always be a temple of the sun, but a garden at Taormina is the sun's holy of holies. So at least it seemed as one hastened in the sunlight of that rare February day. . . . February was June as to warmth and April as to colour, combined with the odour of the orange-blossom belonging alone to southern skies, which holds in its scent the languor of our day-dreams,

the rare moments when beauty of sound, of sight, and sense, seem the only realities of life."

Then follows a picture of the "little monastic garden in the heart of the hills," where "it seemed that all the monks had lost in God's world had revenged itself by an almost passionate care and attention for this little fragrant spot."

In her account of a rustic ball at Taormina we get some refreshingly outspoken comments on the musical capabilities of the race. "A little of a smelling oil-lamp, bad tobacco, and the *same* tune on a hurdy-gurdy (for it possessed but one) goes a long way with most of us, even in the interests of local colour; and as one listened to that hurdy-gurdy it was impossible not to decide in one's own mind that truly the Italian and Sicilian are singers, but what power on earth would make them musical? Nowhere, in all probability, in the world can you hear so much bad music, badly performed, as in Italy. Of course all musicians recognize the gift of voice, which I would say is the gift of climate, but where else could a hurdy-gurdy have been listened to with perfect indifference, playing the same tune from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m.? So, not unwillingly, we step out again under the perfect star-lit sky."

With her ardent love of flowers and her desire for a more widespread enjoyment and understanding of their beauty, a visit to the studio of Mdlle. Ruth Mercier, at Cannes, afforded a most congenial topic for her pen. The gifts of this young French artist as a painter of flowers had already been recognized by Ruskin, whose generous tribute, "You are far beyond and above any help from me," is quoted in the article, "A Studio in Provence," which appeared in *Murray's Magazine* for July, 1890. A picturesque and sympathetic account is there given of "La petite Bastide" with its "beautiful crimson rose of Provence" climbing about the entrance. "A veritable home of flowers, real, both in art and life, blossoms out before you in all its beauty, and for a few moments you notice little else. Then by degrees details obtrude themselves on your flower-benumbed senses, and you think you are in a beautiful Provençal *bastide* or farm 'house-part' instead of in the *atelier* of a rising French artist."

An article on "Cannes Flowers" contributed to another journal at about the same period deals with the more business-

like aspect of the "gospel of beauty" which she loved to preach. This consists of a short account of the flower trade of the Riviera, with special reference to the Cannes Flower Guild, which supplies flowers regularly for hospitals and other charitable institutions; and the writer pleads for some practical development, or better organization, of the flower trade in our own country, not only for the sake of increasing the supply of native blossoms, but also for the promotion of a healthful and beautiful industry in which our English peasantry might learn much from French methods of cultivation and marketing. As she justly says, "we cannot of course compete with the Riviera in flower produce at the same time of year, but at a later season much improvement might be made in the sort of flowers our peasantry cultivate. In the north of England the sale of flowers is already a feature of summer market days in the country towns, and it only requires individual energy to start the growth of roses, lilac, and jonquils for scent purposes in sufficient quantity, to create a scent factory, and a flourishing industry."

Of "The May Trees of the Holker Mosses"—a little study reprinted in the volume entitled *Cartmel Priory and Sketches of North Lonsdale*—Mary Wakefield writes with the affectionate enthusiasm which she always reserved for the scenery of her beloved "North Countrie."

Writing, in a similar vein, a short letter to the *Spectator* of June 5, 1897, she calls attention to the "acres of wild lilies of the valley—like the Elysian fields" in the lily woods of Arnside Knott, and speaks of them with the same eager desire to share their beauty with everyone who "hath eyes to see."

"May Carols," a paper contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for May, 1897, reveals something of the scholarly lore and knowledge of musical traditions which were so happily blended with her ardent nature-worship and her sympathy with every spontaneous utterance of it in art. "Surely," she says in her description of Holker Mosses, "the ecstacy of Maytime need not be a thing of the past? Still, where are its festivals, its frolics, and its unconscious nature-worship? It cannot surely be that we are so deadened and deafened by the roar of modern life that we cannot feel any longer the voices of spring? No doubt the motor-car is not exactly the platform from which the lover of Nature may approach his ideals. Still, it has the supreme

advantage of removing rapidly from such sights and scenes those to whom they are uncongenial, leaving others of us who are in sympathy with them to establish once again the link between the children of men and the returned glory of the earth."

Speaking of the more ancient and local carols which musical antiquarians have collected of late from so many of our English counties, she says: "As a general observation on their music, it may be noted that many partake somewhat of the character of hymns, the morris dances only representing the lighter revelling part of May-day pastimes; which seems curious, as the words of all the carols are of a very mixed character, their serious vein being evidently only of Puritan date. Thus, though the tunes do not sound like dance tunes to us, they probably may have been so; the old word 'carole' was used by the trouvères invariably to mean a song which was sung and danced to, 'the performers moving slowly round in a circle, singing at the same time.' For a slow dignified dance these airs would have been feasible, and their solemnity is not in any way unusual as representing secular airs; for, from the thirteenth century in the first preserved English May song of all, *Summer is a-coming in,* to the present time, English melody, when it is not patriotic is very apt to be hymn-like."

In her account of "A Northern Gala — Grasmere Sports," contributed to the *Commonwealth* for April, 1896, Mary Wakefield describes a festival of later summer (held in August) which still retains many features of the old-world merry-making, and preserves the characteristic flavour of the soil.

To the *Saturday Review* of August 26, 1893, she contributed a similar article ("Two North-country Festivals") but adding to her description of the sports an interesting and vivid little picture of another custom, known as the Rush-bearing; once general but now only to be found in a few English parishes.

"Rush-bearing—otherwise 'strewing the church with rushes'—no doubt is a relic of the heathen village feasts, which has come down to us from Saxon times. These feasts were continued by the Christian converts, and became the foundation of the country wake, or feast of Wakes, a dedication festival held originally once a year on the day on which the church in every village was dedicated to some saint. . .

In the reign of Henry VIII., in the year 1530, this feast of the dedication of the churches was ordered to be kept on the same day everywhere, without reference to the particular saint of each church. The dedication festival is now held at Grasmere on the 5th of August, St. Oswald's Day, the patron saint of the pretty little church hallowed by so many associations, not the least of which is that in its churchyard is the resting-place of Wordsworth. The festival begins on the Friday, when the aisles of the church are strewn with rushes. Originally the floor of the church was earth, with a few rough stones here and there, so that the rushes must have been almost a necessity in the early part of this century. The rushes used are the small ones, known as 'sieves,' that grow on the fells. They are cut and brought to the village in carts; and though Grasmere Church has no longer its earthern floor, the strewing of the rushes is still an important part of the festival."

An article on "The Gulls on Walney Island" in the *Saturday Review,* April 17, 1897, and a similar one entitled "Breeding Season at the Gullery on Walney Island" in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, show the same first-hand knowledge of the scene described and the same quick eye for the beauties of its setting.

The little volume already mentioned—*Cartmel Priory and Sketches of North Lonsdale*—contains, in addition to "The May Trees of the Holker Mosses," reprints of the papers on "Cockling" and the "Walney Island Gulls," and a series of four charming little studies of old churches and chapels in the remoter districts;—"Cartmel: a Haunt of Ancient Peace," "A Quaker Stronghold," "St. Anthony of the Fells," and "Early Recollections of Grange."*

She concludes her sketch of Cartmel Church with an allusion to the music which must have echoed from its walls in the course of centuries of worship, and therewith adds a modest mention of her own contribution to the musical annals of the place. For it was her pleasure and privilege (she says) to sing at some of the Sunday afternoon recitals which were organized by a few music-lovers in the locality some years ago, and still vividly and gratefully remembered by many whose enjoyment of them is not to be

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* The collected volume is published by H. T. Mason, Grange-over-Sands.

measured by their own musical education or attainments. A poet's appreciation of her singing on these occasions may be appropriately quoted here.

"Bach's preludes and fugues were more stately than ever amid such architecture; and there were listeners who still hear the unearthly and disembodied cadences of Wagner's 'Good Friday music' echo in the arcades of the triforium. Of all the singer's services to music, none could be truer, or give more perfect expression to her powers, than the part she took in these recitals. In an age that permits trivial music if it displays vocal charm, she has always been too admirable an artist to countenance such unworthy uses of a fine faculty. In those memorable afternoons the great music of all generations delighted her audiences, and it is certain that the mastery and understanding of her interpretations set many masterpieces in a new light and widened their appeal—stimulating and nourishing the sense of beauty in many minds, and awakening it in others.

"To mention individual pieces would be a futile cataloguing of the charm of these occasions. It is better to dwell on the abiding impression of a magnificent voice, deeply moving no less by human feeling than by mellifluous quality, strong and austere and dignified, vivifying every note it sang and giving some vibration of eternity to it, and always sympathetically met by an exquisite handling of the organ. It is part of the remembrance of the time that this music and this voice appeared to have been designed for the architecture amid which they assumed their place so fittingly; and it seems as if some quality of such a voice should remain inherent, half an aroma and half a quiver, in the building, even for those unborn who can never hear it."

Considering her almost life-long occupation with music, it is impossible not to wish that she had written more fully and directly on musical subjects, or put her lectures systematically into permanent form. Yet it can be readily understood that one of the greatest charms of her lectures was the freshness and spontaneity of their delivery and the scope they gave for *impromptu* illustration. Some of this freshness and variety could hardly fail to have been lost if she had laboured to prepare her manuscript for press. There remains to us, however, one excellent series of articles entitled "Foundation Stones of English Music," which ran

through *Murray's Magazine* from July to December, 1889. The substance of these was afterwards given in the form of lectures with musical illustrations, and has been recapitulated in the chapter dealing with these lecture-recitals. The subject of "Carols, Serious and Secular," does not appear on the lecture-syllabus, but two of her most characteristic and delightful articles are devoted to it in this series, and should be read in sequence with the essay on "May Carols" already mentioned.

Another admirable little article which does not seem to have found its way into her lectures is one contributed to the *Commonwealth* of August, 1896, entitled "A Mediæval Singer and his Songs." It is a brief account of the life and work of Walther von der Vogelweide, the twelfth century poet whose influence changed the current of popular song throughout Germany, and made him one of the greatest progenitors of the later Meistersingers of the Fatherland. Himself court minstrel and Christian Crusader, he became an active figure in all the civil and religious struggles of his time; and his grave may still be seen in the little garden which is all that now remains of the old cloisters of the Neuemünsterkirche in the Würzburg.

"Here," says his sympathetic eulogist, "we have no mere hireling minstrel but a singer-patriot; and it must never be forgotten among his deeds of arms that the Minnesinger laid the foundation of German music and song, and that as far as the state of the art permitted him, he represents the music of his time. But he sang not for coin or ordinary popularity. He sang for influence, for power over the minds of men, and for the beauty of his art; and for this reason, if for no other, the Minnesinger stands alone in the history of music. His profession was almost invariably that of arms; his free gift to the world was song. . . . Vogelweide's earnest spirit, and his feeling as to the meaning and mission of song, may be looked upon as the germs of the modern development of German music, and are, though widely different in many respects, closer in feeling to the music-drama teaching of to-day than may at first appear. Both rely first on the 'meaning of music;' both use its emotional power for the expression of that which is of human significance. The spell of our Minnesinger lay in that his song drew its inspiration from human weal and woe. Nature was his music's source; the age in which he lived

was the instrument upon which this man, the first of mediæval minstrels, played his songs for all time."

One would gladly have had further essays from so penetrating and wide-minded a critic; but she devoted most of her time to music itself, partly perhaps because of her exceedingly practical turn of mind. She wanted people to love music and to learn from it at first hand, and it seemed to her that the best way of making them love and understand music was to make them sing;—wisely trusting to the discipline of choirs to frustrate the display of individual vanity and incompetence which so often results from the too general advocacy of the practice of an art. She expressed her earnest belief in such enterprise, and also in the better development of orchestral playing in this country, in two short papers in *The Planet* for March 2 and June 29, 1907. She also gave a lecture on the Management of Competition Festivals before the Concert Goers' Club, London, on March 15 of the same year, and this has been reprinted as a pamphlet by Messrs. Atkinson and Pollitt, of Kendal.

Her criticism of musical performances was at all times frank and specific; she found fault only in order to point out the best and most practicable remedy. If her keen ear was swift to mark deficiencies, hard work and intelligent effort never lacked her warm-hearted encouragement. Comment so just and careful as hers gave the greater value to her praise. In the article on Walther von der Vogelweide she has, as we say, "let herself go" more unreservedly than usual on the subject of her ideals in music; and one can readily understand that this knight-errant of song, who added to his chivalry patriotism, and to his patriotism an almost religious devotion to his art, would appeal in a peculiar way to her admiration and love. Ever seeking to bring the inspiration of nature to the task of musical expression, the last request of Walter von der Vogelweide was one after her own heart,—namely that the birds above his grave should be fed with corn and water; a tribute to those "wandering minstrels of the forest" from whom he had "learned the art of song."

At the time of her death, Mary was contemplating several further essays on music and musicians,—in particular an article on Saint Cecilia and her influence on music, painting, and poetry, with many illustrations. But this peculiarly congenial task she was never able to accomplish.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MUSICAL COMPETITION FESTIVALS, 1885-1900.

In March, 1884, Mary Wakefield contributed to the *Musical Times* a paper upon "Amateur Music as it should be," which shows how strongly and lucidly she was beginning to think of the possibilities of making music an integral part of our social life. She had just been staying with Mr. Henry Leslie for the coming of age of the Herefordshire Philharmonic Society, and was full of enthusiasm for the work accomplished in the west of England, when she penned the article from which I quote the concluding paragraphs: "Anything but a crammed room at its concerts is unknown, and this not from the tickets being forced upon unwilling buyers by aristocratic ladies to whom the effort of getting rid of them is well nigh a desperate one; but from those taken up by the subscribers to whom they belong.

"Houses are filled and parties are made from the *esprit de corps* felt everywhere with regard to 'our Society' the same sort of interest, indeed, working for music which supports successfully the county balls and agricultural shows throughout England; not a complimentary simile for art perhaps, but one which shows the sort of life absolutely necessary from a social point of view, and ensures a satisfactory result indirectly from a musical standpoint also. . . . . ."

"Should this short account of successful results and their apparent reasons lead any similarly constituted society to follow the rules and ambitions of this one, or encourage any musical amateur to go on with the great work of musical education in himself and those around him, its object will have been reached; for if music as a serious art is ever to be appreciated and understood here, as it is in Germany, the formation of an educated, enlightened public is the first requisite, and in order to produce this valuable result, most surely will the root of the matter prove to be the cultivation and encouragement of the musical amateur."

There is no doubt, from many things which Mary Wakefield afterwards said and wrote, that the work so well begun by Mr. Henry Leslie at Oswestry stimulated the idea of

starting a similar scheme in her own district. In the autumn of 1884, a few months after the publication of the article in the *Musical Times,* it was announced at a concert given in the village school at Preston Patrick that in the following year a singing competition would be held at Sedgwick. Accordingly in August, 1885, the contest came off, the meeting taking place in the tennis court, in the grounds of Mary Wakefield's home. The test piece was Stevens's time-honoured part-song "Ye spotted Snakes." Three quartets took part in the competition, and they sang all the repeats! Dr. Brown was the judge, and Mary Wakefield gave the prize.*

Such was the modest beginning—scarcely defined as an event in her diary for that year—of a movement which has since spread like a flowing tide throughout the whole country, creeping down from the north, which has always been the fountain-head of musical feeling in England, to places that have long been regarded as hopelessly arid and uncultivated in this respect.

The experiment was so far admitted to be a success that it was resolved to repeat it the following year. This time there were more events; the entries numbered twenty-one, and a combined performance was attempted, so that the gathering was transferred from Sedgwick to St. George's Hall, Kendal, where, with an interval during which the Drill Hall had to be requisitioned, it has always taken place. The rapid influx of competitors, and the enthusiasm with which the idea was taken up in the neighbourhood, must have convinced Mary Wakefield that her dear native district was a promising soil in which to sow the seeds of musical culture. Indeed the growth of the scheme cannot have failed to surprise her, since by the third year (1887) the

* The *Westmorland Gazette* (September 10, 1910) speaks of four entries. I have adhered however to the account given me by Miss Wakefield herself, and corroborated in her paper on Competition Festivals read before the Concert Goers' Club, March 15th, 1907, in which she says, describing the first Westmorland Festival: "Three quartets competed in 'Ye spotted snakes,' as badly as may be." Before presenting the prize, Mary Wakefield said that another year, should there be as many as eight entries for quartet singing from the adjoining villages, she would gladly give further prizes with a view to encourage the pursuit of music in country places in the neighbourhood. So long as each vocal part was properly represented, the quartet might consist of men and women, or boys and girls, and the parts might be doubled or trebled provided that they did not collectively in each quartet number more than twelve voices.

chorus numbered 140, and the first combined *work* was given : Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion.* At this time the enterprise was known locally as the " Sedgwick Choral Competition." In 1891, after the death of Mr. William Henry Wakefield, the name was changed to the " Wakefield Choral Competition," in honour of its first patron.

Before proceeding further with the history of the Competition Festival movement, it will be well to enquire into what had already been attempted in this direction, and thus to substantiate Mary Wakefield's claim to be regarded as the foundress of the work. With the fairness and frankness which characterized all her dealings with her fellow workers, she has recorded that she had gone very thoroughly into the question of competition festivals with the late Mr. Henry Leslie before starting on her own initiative in Westmorland. She says : "He, who, from his connection with Wales had seen much of the virtues, and I must add the vices, of the Eisteddfods, discussed with me, having experienced himself to a certain extent in the same line, the possibilities of utilizing the idea in many of its valuable attributes as a motive power for awakening musical sloth, more especially in the country districts. We both felt that the stimulus of competition was a valuable vital initiative, and we thought that the many evils that follow in its wake might be to a great extent avoided. So we passed on to plans and ways and means, and I resolved to start the Westmorland Festival in 1885."

Here, then, we may see the help she derived from one more experienced than herself. Mr. Leslie confirmed her strong distaste for the type of festival that builds its popularity on the value of the money prizes which it offers, and probably gave her practical advice, but he did not actually formulate that particular model of competition festival, with its extraordinary germinating vitality, which she thought out and inaugurated in Westmorland. When we remember that the work in Herefordshire had been started twenty-six years earlier than her own, and had remained a more or less isolated phenomenon of our musical life, we realize that, successful as it was within its own limits, it must surely have lacked something of that urgent, infectious enthusiasm, that far-reaching power of propagation, which carried Mary Wakefield's scheme from end to end of England in the same period of time. To find a parallel to this result of personal enthusiasm in the musical history of the nineteenth century we

must look to the ardent propaganda of the Russian national school under the guidance of Mily Balakirev in the late 'sixties and 'seventies.

Another influence which worked towards the realization of this scheme may well have been Mary Wakefield's friendship with Ruskin, whose words "Music fulfils its most attractive and beneficent mission when the masses of the people enjoy it as a recreation and a solace," sound the very keynote of the enterprise.

In 1872, an Eisteddfod on the old-fashioned lines had been started by Mr. Griffiths at Workington; and in 1882, Stratford, in Essex, held its first meeting, due to the enterprise of Mr. J. S. Curwen, the son of the originator of the tonic sol-fa system. But these, again, did not engender any offshoots. Shortly after the first Westmorland contest, the late Duke of Westminster started the competition for a rural district round Eaton, previously referred to in these pages. Next to Eaton came Morecambe, a festival which was conducted for two years by Mary Wakefield herself, and one of those which have grown most rapidly both as regards the number of entries and the quality of the work achieved. I may leave out of consideration the competitions held annually at the Crystal Palace, in which choirs from the big towns take part; for they stand outside the movement with which I am now dealing, which had for its primary object the encouragement and cultivation of music in rural districts.

No one was less disposed to stand upon her rights, and push her own claims to be regarded as the foundress of a great movement, than Mary Wakefield. It is time, however, that strict justice should be done to her memory, and that it should be made perfectly clear what were the conditions of choral music in our villages before she planned and carried out that vital and truly democratic movement that now flourishes under the name of the Association of Musical Competition Festivals. We have seen that, except for Oswestry, Workington, and Stratford, all of which differed in certain important respects from her own ideal model, the field was practically bare of workers. The movement, therefore, as we know it to-day, owes its origin entirely to her initiative and unflagging enthusiasm. She started it; she promoted its growth; its success can never be divided from her memory.

What, then, were the distinguishing features of the

Photo Hogg.

THE THIRD ANNUAL COMPETITION, 1887.
(Mr. Henry Leslie Judging).

"Wakefield Competition Festival"? I think we may say that they were threefold: *competition* as a stimulus to the study and practice of music; the stern elimination of *money prizes;* and the study of music for *combined singing,* apart from competition.

To be successful, a movement of this kind must be built upon the surest foundation: a broad and tolerant knowledge of human nature. These three primary and simple features of the scheme show that Mary Wakefield understood perfectly well how to adapt her ideals to "human nature's daily food."

As regards *competition* she sums up the need for it in these wise words:

"It is all very well to say to a class, 'Now for the love of the divine art of music, come rain, come shine, we will meet once a week and indefinitely work at music,' but a definite aim is lacking. With a definite aim before us such as competition implies, we can start with a definite end in view, a definite time in which certain works must be accomplished, with, finally, definite, valuable criticism which, for a second year, tells us how to advance in work; to say nothing of a possible prize, and the possible great joy of triumphing over the next town or village. Here are objects that appeal to everyone, and, in addition, all this makes for system, and the instruction becomes perforce systematic. . . . . Let it not for an instant be imagined that people *want* to learn at the commencement. They don't. To create this desire is the first and most difficult part of the whole matter; once the desire is created difficulties fly like chaff before the wind. Here, then, the idea of competition is of value."

The first principle of the movement is therefore a concession to human weakness: the second is a safeguard against it. Competition as an inducement to hard work is one thing; but competition with a view to raking in valuable money prizes becomes too often a vicious rivalry. Mary Wakefield saw in how many instances it had sapped the true artistic value of the Eisteddfods. From the commencement she set her face resolutely against "pot-hunting" in Westmorland, adopting instead a system of grants, which go to all the choirs equally to assist them in their general expenses. The plan has worked well. "As to the prizes," she says, "the fashions of ancient Greece hold sway with

us, and the challenge bowls, the banners of song, and the bay wreath are the only awards to the victorious."*

The third special feature of the "Wakefield" type of Competition Festival is also the most original. To Mary Wakefield alone belongs the idea of uniting the contesting choirs together in the performance of works not included in the scheme of competition. In her own words: "It is the development of this non-competitive movement side by side with the competition in which I am so greatly interested. I do not believe the thing can endure without it, at all events in country districts, and I am sure three times the advance in music is made by its means. . . ."

For petty jealousies and local rivalries must needs vanish when the choirs stand up together to sing a Bach Cantata, or such choruses as "The Redeemed of the Lord" from Brahms's *Requiem*. What I might describe as the moral effect of these combined performances is obvious. A number of choirs who have been hotly contesting for a day or two in the small pieces forget all rivalry and the bitterness of failure when they unite to do their best in some great masterpiece, before an interested and appreciative audience. The combined singing, therefore, counteracts the narrowing tendencies of competition and becomes the greatest element of solidarity in the movement.

Other factors of importance in the success of the Wakefield Competition Festival, though somewhat subordinate to the three named above, are the care exercised in the choice of music; the encouragement of juvenile competition and combined singing; and lastly its broadly democratic and altruistic appeal.

The choice of music may appear to many far from a secondary factor in the scheme of Competition Festivals. Still we have seen that a festival may be started, and very successfully started, on the simplest musical pabulum. Afterwards, as the choirs grow more expert and sophisticated, the question of selecting music that is worthy of long months of patient study becomes more complex. It was in this respect that Mary Wakefield's combination of a

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* At first a few unimportant money prizes were offered, but these have now been given up, with the exception of one competition—for the best folk-song.

lofty idealism with a sane open-minded critical faculty was so valuable in guiding the early progress of her Westmorland Festival and its offshoots. We have seen that she came to her work with an experience and equipment far above that of the ordinary gifted and enthusiastic amateur. Therefore she was well able to choose with breadth of view and knowledge the kind of music that repaid arduous study. "Wherever this movement penetrates, the music has to be of the highest class" was her dictum; and it must be owned that she compromised as little as may be. Wherever it is stated that only "the best music" is performed, be it by concert-giving organizations, choral associations, or in cultured domestic circles, we shall generally find a good many exceptions—the outcome of expediency, fashion, or temporary lapse of judgment—to prove the rule. There is no musical scheme so securely fenced around that it can always exclude the penetrating element of the second rate. The surest proof that Mary Wakefield very seldom lowered her standard of selection for the competitions or the combined performances of her own choirs may be found in the festival programmes from 1886 to the present year.* Apart from the Westmorland singers, the standard of music had necessarily to vary according to the volume and capacity of the contesting choirs. For such choirs as those of Morecambe and Blackpool no music is too difficult, while every year brought into the network of the Competition Festivals some quite elementary workers. Mary Wakefield was a member of many committees for the choice of music, besides assisting choirs by correspondence, and for her true catholicity of taste and soundness of judgment music all over England has much to be thankful for. She was not an advocate of what she used to call the "point full" competition piece, in which effects very telling to the audience could be made at every turn, preferring rather to hear the intelligent singing of an ordinarily marked piece of classical music. She had the true artist's horror of "machine made" effects.

Nothing could have been sounder than the policy of enlisting the coming generation in her work. At the Westmorland Festivals the children—"the music of the future" as she used to call them—have their own suitable pieces for study,

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* These will be found at the end of this volume.

their own competition day, and finally their own combined concert, the chief feature of which is a children's cantata with orchestral accompaniment. In the musical progress of the children, Mary Wakefield greatly deplored the vague attitude of the educational authorities and hoped for the time when daily instruction in singing would become compulsory in every school. "As regards the children's attitude towards the Competitions," she says, "of course they simply love it. . . . Five or six hundred children singing together in two-part music have very creditable results. . . . But my dream with regard to the children's share in competitions is not nearly so far realised as in the adult case. . . . In some of our schools the competition movement for children is assisted largely by the Education Authority, but in many other places difficulties arise, and in many cases the valuable stimulus the competitions give is lost, because the general music teaching in rustic schools is of such a poor nature." Nevertheless the interest and healthy enjoyment awakened in numbers of children at a most impressionable age must count as one of the good works accomplished by the Competition Festivals.

Coming to the social side of the movement, its democratic aspect is rather the natural outcome of it than a deliberately planned scheme for bringing together all classes of the community. From the time when she started her first competition in the tennis court at Sedgwick, Mary Wakefield made it the aim of her life "to bring the greatest music within the reach of the greatest number." Incidentally she forwarded an ideal which is socialistic in the best sense of the word. There is something Tolstoian in many of her points of view: "Musical festivals form a social platform whereon everyone, irrespective of religion, politics, class or education, can meet freely with a common cause, ideal, and interest. This is really a very great position to which few abstract pursuits can attain. . . . Politics, religious questions, class and education are often separators; music (as practised at these Competition Festivals) makes for union. . . . . Musical enthusiasm is largely a gift, but it can also be cultivated *for it is very infectious*. . . Everyone connected with a district can, and should, have his or her place in connection with this movement. I should like to say, as strongly as I may, that it is not only choirs and

classes that are wanted; social support is wanted, money is wanted, public interest is wanted, the influence of the Press is wanted, and I must say in my own experience, all these necessary accessories have been most freely and nobly given, and the result is the scheme belongs to everyone; hence its popularity and the enthusiasm with which it is worked."

These last words bring us to an indispensable element in the progress of the movement: *the workers* who have followed Mary Wakefield's splendid lead. Without a band of devoted and untiring labourers the soil could never be tilled or the harvest gathered in. Here, again, the personal element proved of immense value, the power of imparting her own enthusiasm; of giving out encouraging sympathy; the tact and tolerance that welded and kept together people of the most varied tempers, ambitions, and interests; briefly the chief reason why men and women enlisted and worked in her service is included in the fact that she was simply herself —Mary Wakefield.

She herself was often astonished and deeply moved at the unselfish and untiring ardour of those who took up her work. Commenting upon the spirit of enthusiasm that animates her fellow labourers, not only for the days of the festival, but during the weeks and months of previous hard work, she says: "Remember there is little kudos in the end; it is all a free gift. Even if the worker is a musical conductor, only one choir can win, and many of those I refer to are not the musical workers at all. Look at the collectors of subscriptions. Was there ever such disagreeable work to do as that? But with an unextinguishable ardour have those workers gone on for years. I must admit that I think enthusiasm can be cultivated, and it is, I think, a kind of unwritten law in our movement, that we depend upon it to an enormous extent, because you see our work is, as a whole, entirely unpaid work; for which reason only the appeal to the ideal can be relied upon as a lever. Music makes that appeal, personal influence may help it, but the enthusiastic support of the multitude carries this democratic musical movement on its shoulders."

In the early history of the movement its success depended wholly on personal enthusiasm and encouragement. Then it was that all Mary Wakefield's dominant qualities found scope for their employment. Then it was that the business capacity, the tenacious will, and inward, almost

spiritual, ardour inherited from a long line of Quaker ancestors served her in good stead. It is at this juncture, too, that we feel there may have been some higher wisdom than mere concession to worldly convention working behind the hindrances which prevented her realising the early dream of her youth. If the world had lost a star it now gained the compensation of an initiative force. The very experience she had gone through peculiarly fitted her to bring music within the reach of the masses. She understood that not everyone who is a musician at heart can become one by profession. She could sympathize with the craving for musical expression which is shared by hosts of obscure and inarticulate individuals: while, having kept her own ideals pure from the degeneration which is too often a part of professional strife, she was still sufficiently broad-minded to realise that imperfect musical nature demands the stimulus of organised contest.

During the fifteen years that followed the inauguration of the Competition Festival Mary Wakefield was the leading figure in its progress. Until the year 1900, when she retired from her public career, she conducted the annual festival herself, and for some years she acted also as chorus-master in chief, going from village to village to rehearse the works selected for combined performance. From the very first she had a loyal lieutenant in her sister Agnes, Mrs. T. A. Argles, whose zeal fell little short of her own. Mrs. Argles filled the double post of secretary and treasurer until the movement grew beyond the power and control of one woman's pen and brain, however active. For some time Mary Wakefield found a valuable assistant in Mr. George Rathbone, who took over the duties of choir-master when she began to find the strain on her energies almost overwhelming. Since his resignation in 1900, the position has been filled by Mr. Alfred Willink, of Burneside, near Kendal.

The plan of work adopted by the original promoter of the festival was as follows:—Early in the autumn a council was held and the music to be practised during the winter was then selected. It included, as already stated, music for competition and for combined performance. In each village a teacher willing to conduct one or two practices a week was invited to co-operate. The small funds at the disposal of each village have seldom admitted of remuneration. The

conductors are almost invariably recruited among local amateurs : the clergyman or his wife; some musical member of the squire's family; or the village schoolmaster or mistress, often come forward as volunteers. Then a central meeting-place was sought out, after which the steady work was begun. Think what a new zest such winter meetings must have given to the monotony of life in many remote villages !

It would not be sufficient, however, for the purposes of combined performances to let each choir go on working unaided for five or six months in the year at a difficult oratorio or cantata. It is indispensable that there should be a choir-master in chief who visits from centre to centre, holding rehearsals at which the choirs receive criticism and encouragement, and are inspired with a feeling of unity, so that when it comes to the festival their artistic amalgamation is only a matter of one or two general rehearsals.

This was the task which Mary Wakefield took upon herself and carried out so effectively. " I remember," writes Mr. George Rathbone, " how she used to travel about, night after night, in all sorts of weather, often with great discomfort, trying to infuse into the members of the choirs something of her own tremendous enthusiasm. She was invariably successful. Her personality was so charming, so captivating, she made us all do what she wanted. How the choirs loved her ! There were no rehearsals like hers."

Of course, like all enthusiasts, she met with a certain amount of ridicule and cynical criticism in the beginning of her work. Twenty-two years later she recalls this good-humouredly. She could afford to smile for she had conquered.

" Now, at any rate, everyone has heard of the Competition Festival movement, in those days no one had, and much was it pooh-poohed and looked down upon (especially, I think, in myself, as one more sign of the dementia to which musicians are supposed to be subject !). That all this work should be done for the sake of bringing music into the lives of those who were not musical, seemed simply ridiculous. As one north-countryman said to me, in our beloved vernacular, after rehearsing for weeks (for I was chorus-master as well as conductor in those days), when I was dragging myself wearily into a railway carriage en route for a village some twenty miles off, which took about four or five hours to reach, ' Ah well, it'll be a labour of luve no doubt.' The

'labour of luve' lasted fifteen years, and I look back on it with the greatest happiness."

Many strange adventures overtook her on these expeditions to outlying villages. On one occasion she had fought a snowstorm through several miles of rough road from the nearest station to the room in which the rehearsal was held. The practice was long and interesting, and she forgot the difficulty of getting back over the snow-clogged roads in time to catch the last train home. Consequently she found herself belated, and obliged to take refuge at the one primitive inn which the village boasted. An important lady visitor arriving after 10 p.m. in midwinter was a flustering apparition to the good hostess, who, however, was prepared to do her best. The only available bedroom was bitterly cold, snow drifted in at the casement that would not keep shut, and to lie on the feather bed felt like sinking into a drift of damp autumn leaves. The lighting of a fire in this unaired apartment produced steam without warmth. Tired, damp, but by no means discouraged, Mary suggested the comfort of a hot-water-bottle. The landlady apologized; she did not possess one—a warming pan of course, but a water-bottle—.

But the Mary who could take down such a trifling obstacle to her progress as a five-foot stone wall, was quite equal to the emergency. "What about empty ginger-beer bottles?" "Oh, yes, there were some out in the shed."

So the bottles were fetched, a dozen or more, filled with hot water, and Mary slept among the billows of damp feathers, outlined in ginger-beer bottles like a flower-bed in some suburban garden. She enjoyed the reminiscences of these adventures for they appealed to her sense of humour, but those who loved her felt she had carried such risks quite far enough when she reluctantly resolved to give up the more arduous part of her work in the Westmorland hills and dales.

Mr. George Rathbone, for years her co-adjutor in this rehearsal work, has many reminiscences of those stirring times. An excellent pianist and a composer of some merit, Mr. Rathbone was only about twelve years of age when he first attracted Mary Wakefield's attention. In those days she used to go on her round of visits to the choirs with her sister Agnes, who generally accompanied the works rehearsed on the piano. After hearing the boy play, she soon arranged for him to take her sister's place, and he used to

Photo S. L. Hamilton.

MARY WAKEFIELD DRIVING A FAVOURITE PONY.

travel all over the country with her rehearsing the choirs. Looking back on those years of strenuous but enjoyable work, he says: "All I can say goes to prove how large-minded she was, how very human in all her views of life. On many occasions I can remember mistakes I made in manner and speech, and how she frankly told me of them in a kind and sympathetic way, where others would only have laughed or sneered. In this way she spurred me on to do things that seemed impossible. At times I must have annoyed her more than I can tell; but she was always the same steadfast and true friend."

"In those days," he continues, "the singing must have been rough, but there was no doubt about the enthusiasm. Miss Wakefield seemed to infect everyone with her wonderful vitality. It was a great day in the villages when she held her rehearsal. Flags were flying and crowds collected in the streets to give her a welcome. What she did with the choirs was marvellous for she had not a great knowledge of the technical side of music.* It was done undoubtedly by *main force*. The combined concerts were always times of anxiety, for here again Miss Wakefield had to rely on her energy to pull things through. She was not a conductor in the modern interpretative sense, but used to beat time in a splendid way. I was too young to be critical in those days, but, looking back, I imagine some of the performances were decidedly rough. The foundations were being laid in good solid ground and, as I said before, what was wanting in finish was made up in enthusiasm. Now we have more polish, but we miss some of Miss Wakefield's fire.

"On these rehearsal tours she frequently had to put up with much discomfort. Horrible weather; often damp, cold inns and wretched food—although I must say she occasionally carried an extra supply in one of her famous bags. After the rehearsals she was often tired out. She worked so dreadfully hard, singing all the parts. After she retired from the work of chorus-trainer she gave more time to organization all over the country.

"She gave encouragement to many young musicians and executants who are now famous: Mme. Liza Lehmann,

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*We have seen that she was equipped for her work far above the average amateur of her day, but she herself often regretted that she had not had the all-round training so easily obtained nowadays at innumerable schools of music.

Miss Muriel Foster, Miss Marie Hall, Gervase Elwes, Kennerly Rumford, Webster Millar, and Arthur Somervell. The folk-song movement received a great impulse from her support.

"As a vocalist, I only knew her somewhat after her best days. She used to sing on Sunday afternoons in Cartmel Church. Her voice was of beautiful quality. Her command of *mezza voce* was wonderful, and she could sustain a *pianissimo* note apparently for an endless length of time. Her favourite songs on these occasions were Schubert's "Litanei"—of which one can only say that her rendering was perfect—Oakeley's "Comes at times," and certain arias of Handel and Beethoven. She was also very fond of some of Parry's work."

Each succeeding year saw the movement further advanced. Place after place joined in it, sometimes by means of direct proselytes who came to the Westmorland meeting, came and saw and returned to conquer all prejudice and opposition, and to start the idea practically elsewhere. We have seen that in the third year the chorus was numerous enough to justify the performance of a combined work. At the sixth competition there were 635 competitors, with a corresponding increase of events and prizes. By 1892 it was estimated that there had been over 2,500 competitors, and at the close of ten years' work Mary Wakefield had the satisfaction of knowing that at least 10,200 vocalists and instrumentalists had taken part in the annual contest at Kendal. In the year of her retirement from active conductorship (1900), Dr. McNaught—one of the most energetic workers in the field of competition festivals, and an experienced adjudicator—contributed an article on the subject to the *Musical Times* in which he states that the adult festival choir numbered 600 voices. Some idea of the quality and quantity of the music brought within range of the Westmorland rural districts may be gathered from the list issued in that year which will be found at the end of the volume.

In 1900 it was thought advisable to change the name of the Festival in order to avoid confusion arising between the family name of Wakefield and the Yorkshire town which had its own musical gathering. Henceforward it was called the Westmorland Musical Festival, until last year, when it was unanimously decided to link it once again with the

name of its foundress, and in future it will be known as "The Mary Wakefield Westmorland Festival."

With the retirement of Mary Wakefield from public life, in 1900, begins a second era in the history of the Competition Festival Movement, which I propose to treat in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVELOPMENT AND FUTURE OF THE MOVEMENT.

It must not be supposed that after Mary Wakefield laid down the conductor's baton in 1900, and decided to take no more sectional rehearsals in outlying districts, her efforts on behalf of her enterprise were in any way relaxed. When she resigned the conductorship of the Competition Festival she became its president, and did not accept this office in the capacity of a mere figure-head. Although she had now surrounded herself with a band of competent and willing helpers to whom she could entrust much of her former work, she remained to the end of her days the informing spirit of the whole movement. And not in the Kendal district only. She gave up driving long distances in all weathers, but she still complied from time to time with pressing invitations to inaugurate fresh branches in various parts of England, and her correspondence in the cause was enormous. Her personal presence was felt to be a factor of success whenever and wherever a new venture was started. She was an admirable speaker, lucid in explanation, candid in criticism, and with a wonderful power of saying the happy word which brought encouragement and reanimated failing endeavour.

Among her staunchest upholders at this time, who relieved her of not a little work and anxiety, were Mr. Colin and Mr. Gordon Somervell, who eventually became jointly the honorary secretaries of the Westmorland Festival, in 1904, the latter becoming also honorary treasurer.* An executive committee and a musical committee had now been formed and all the increased work connected with the movement was placed in strong and competent hands. Guarantors and subscribers had come forward with an alacrity that exceeded Mary Wakefield's most sanguine expectations, and she must have felt that she had realised the ideal described in the foregoing chapter: "the scheme belongs to everyone; hence its popularity and the enthusiasm with which it is worked." But without her personality could all this

* The first secretary was Mrs. Argles, who was followed in turn by Mr. L. Gardner Thomson and Mr. A. H. Willink.

have been possible? Many who at first probably only loved music with a luke-warm love that would never have stirred them to such selfless ardour, afterwards learnt to cherish the art they worked for, thanks to her compelling example. Was ever any potentate more loyally served than Mary Wakefield? I may here quote the words of one whose services to her during the stress and fatigue of Festival-week, in the later years of her life, it always touched me very deeply to witness.

"And what has Miss Wakefield achieved in this her best beloved work?" he asks, "and how has she done it? She originated in her native county this splendid enterprise the growth of which we have all seen; and not only this, but through her wide circle of friends and admirers she has been the inspiration of starting throughout the length and breadth of England, and even in the King's dominions over seas, similar competition festivals to ours, so that there are now over one hundred such festivals regularly held and new ones are continually being set to work. And she has done it by combining with her great talent as a musician a strong business capacity, uniting the two with a wonderful gift of tact, all expressed in a compelling personality. She had the intuition which told her what "would do" and what would not. And what she wanted done she knew how to get done. Once win her trust and she trusted you and relied upon you for that loyal service which none whom she trusted could ever fail to render. And if she made large demands upon the devotion of her colleagues, how they all loved to give her their best!"*

The festival of 1900 was conducted partly by Signor Risegari and partly by Mary Wakefield, Mr. Luard Selby, and Mr. George Rathbone, who each furnished a composition to the programme. In 1901, Signor Risegari and Mr. Coleridge-Taylor were the joint conductors, and the next two performances (1902 and 1903) were directed by the latter.

In 1904 the Festival had become an event of such importance that it was considered advisable to engage the services of Sir Henry J. (then Mr.) Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra, thus adding a new side to its educative value; for, from that time forward, the dwellers in the rural districts of Westmorland have had the advantage of hearing one or

* From an obituary notice signed C.S. in the *Westmorland Gazette.*

two symphonic works performed in first-rate style during their Festival-week. "I remember feeling," wrote Mary Wakefield in 1907, "that the taste of performers and audience had been steadily raised when two movements of Beethoven's C minor Symphony were encored vociferously by a chorus of 500 villagers from the dales and fells of Westmorland." It is valuable to have this testimony to her belief in orchestral music as an important addition to the educational element of her movement. It shows that however highly she estimated the practice of choral music as a social and artistically refining force she was far from regarding it as the be-all and end-all of our musical life, which seems to be the point of view of the blindly enthusiastic choralist, and leads to the singularly paradoxical condition of things to be observed in some of our large towns, which, while boasting fine choirs, seem at the same time lamentably backward as regards taste and the appreciative faculty. But Mary Wakefield's wise provision for fine orchestral music was what might have been expected from one of the most comprehensively musical natures I have ever met: a practical musician, a fine listener, and a sane open-minded critic.

Sir Henry J. Wood now undertook some of the sectional rehearsals of the choirs before the Festival-week. The various choirs join for this purpose at some given centre, such as Grange-over-Sands, Kirkby Stephen, Sedbergh, Kendal, or Kirkby Lonsdale. The dates of these rehearsals are made known long beforehand, and the event is anticipated with almost as much excitement as the Festival itself. They are really hard working lessons, and of profound interest to the local conductors and the members of the choirs. Sir Henry Wood's genial, but uncompromising, way of bestowing praise and blame, draws the very best out of everyone.

The programmes in 1905 included Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and part songs by Brahms and Elgar; but the year was chiefly memorable for a remarkably fine performance of Dvorak's *Stabat Mater,* the interpretation of this inspired work by these village choirs being a revelation of what may be accomplished by combined effort and well directed enthusiasm.

In 1906, the Festival scheme celebrated its twenty-first birthday, and H.R.H. Princess Christian was present at the performances and gave away the prizes to the successful competitors. This year, the Festival which had grown in

Photo

THE TWENTIETH CO

(Sir Henry

Hogg.

TION FESTIVAL, 1905.
conducting).

ten years to be a three days' event, extended for the first time in its history to four days. The expense and trouble annually involved in holding a Festival on so large a scale now resulted in its becoming biennial. At first it was feared by some that the interval of two years might tend to cool the enthusiasm of the village choirs, but such fears have luckily proved unfounded, the festival of 1908 having been in every way a financial and artistic success.

A shadow was cast upon the function in 1910 in consequence of the absence for the first time in its history of its foundress, whose health was then in a precarious state. What the withdrawal of her presence meant to those who had worked with her for twenty-five years can be easily realised. Her own sorrow was such as can hardly be touched upon in words. I saw her in London in April, being on the point of starting myself for a long journey in Russia and Finland, and much distressed by her condition which filled me with the fear that I might not find her still with us on my return. But all personal grief vanished when we talked of the Festival and I read the unspoken pain and regret in her eyes; for she could scarcely bear to speak of it.

The next Festival (1912)—the first since her irreparable loss—will be invested with a special solemnity, two of the works for combined performance having been chosen in memory of her: Mozart's sublime *Requiem* and a Choral Prelude *Out of a Silence,* the words by Gordon Bottomley, the music by George Rathbone. Moreover several prizes have been instituted *in memoriam:* the silver medallion bearing her likeness; and the prizes for String Quartet and String Orchestra given by Sir Henry J. Wood, also with the same idea. This is not more than her due; but, in truth, will not all succeeding "Mary Wakefield" Westmorland Festivals be the best of all memorials to her who founded them?

I must now speak of a further development of the scheme which has been productive of increased union and activity in the cause of music. In 1904, the number of offshoots from the parent festival in Westmorland having reached the number of forty-nine, Mary Wakefield thought the time had come when an annual meeting, or conference, of all who were interested in the movement should be held in London, with the object of discussing all kinds of questions germane to the subject of competition festivals. Ac-

cordingly on May 17th, 1904, a preliminary meeting was convened at the residence of the Dowager Lady Beauchamp, at 13, Belgrave Square. The chair was taken by Lady Mary Forbes-Trefusis (then Lady Mary Lygon), and about eighty people were present, among them being the Hon. Mrs. Robert Spencer, Countess Valda Gleichen, Lady Winifrede Elwes, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Hon. Everard Fielding, Dr. Arthur Somervell, Mr. Henry J. Wood, Miss Mary Wakefield, Miss Cecilia Hill, Miss Craig Sellar, Mrs. Peake, Mrs. Argles, Mrs. Mansell, Mrs. Commeline, Rev. G. Commeline, Mr. W. H. Leslie, Dr. Perrin, Mr. Minshall, Mr. Fuller Maitland, Mr. J. Graham, Mr. F. G. Edwards, Mr. Alfred Littleton, &c.

Mary Wakefield in a well balanced and eloquent address showed how strong a hold the Competition Festival movement was taking upon the country. After nineteen years work, the Westmorland gathering which had then stood alone was now a mere part in a splendidly organized whole, the value of which was almost universally acknowledged. Once more she emphasized the one point in which she claimed originality for her own system and type of festivals: the work done by the choirs apart from competition. "I do not believe," she said, "that the greatest power for instruction is reached by these festivals until this *combined* work is arrived at. It is the co-operative system adapted to musical requirements. Works can be performed and knowledge of music gained, by separated instruction and massed results, which astonish even those who have had experience of years' standing. To all those who have not yet undertaken it, I commend *music learnt not for competitive purposes* as the highest attainment of this most useful competition lever. Therein speaks the voice of a great art quite directly to its humblest votaries, calling them to serve it without emulation, without rivalry, simply as "Music, sacred tongue of God."

Passing on to the immediate object of the meeting, she continues: "It has appeared to me for some years past that all of us connected with and interested in this movement wanted some practical binding link, also something almost of the 'Inquiry Bureau' character, to which many questions that arise on different topics could be referred, and at which papers would be read, followed by wide discussion. It has been my privilege and pleasure in the past nineteen years

to receive a fair quantity of letters with all sorts of queries, some of which I was able to answer; in other instances I knew of people who could give much better advice than I could on the particular point in question. So it often seemed to me, if we could focus all our experience and knowledge in a Congress once a year, we could then, if it is properly organized, get the very best authorities on special subjects, which would be an enormous help to all. There should also be ample room for discussion, so that anyone could bring up points of difficulty. And furthermore I would suggest that Dr. McNaught and myself, if appointed secretaries, should be at hand for some portion of the day in some room to try and make ourselves generally useful! The idea of this Association should be (as I see it) as wide as music itself; no stereotyped rules or methods which might cut out one Festival while admitting another could be entertained. Our common ground should be our work for music, our difficulties and our successes. I am glad to say we all have both."

Others having spoken, including representatives of several centres in which the movement was in operation, it was resolved to form an Association of Competition Festivals, to hold a yearly conference in London. Lady Mary Forbes-Trefusis accepted the office of Chairman of Congress; Mary Wakefield herself, and Dr. W. G. McNaught, to whom the movement already owed much, became the honorary secretaries *pro tem;* Mr. W. H. Leslie was elected honorary treasurer, and, later on, Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland joined this executive committee. The nominal sum of a shilling a year entitled the subscriber to membership and a ticket for the congress.

The first Conference took place on June 27th, 1905, at Messrs. Broadwoods, Conduit Street, W., and they have been held there every year up to the present time. The proceedings were carried on from 10 a.m. to 5-30 p.m. Papers were read dealing with the following questions: "How this Association can enhance the value of the Musical Competition Festival Movement: What is the Hindrance to Music in England?" by Miss Mary Wakefield; "Voice production in Choral Classes," by Dr. Coward (Sheffield); "The Cultivation of the Child's Voice," by Mr. James Bates; "Various aspects and details of Music Competitions," by Dr. W. G. McNaught; "The Educational Value of Music," by Dr. Arthur Somervell; "The people who listen," by Mr. W. H.

Leslie; "Music for Competition Festivals," by Miss Mary Wakefield; "The financial position of Competitions," by the Rev. Canon Gorton (Morecambe). The following opened discussions, or were invited to contribute to them: Mr. Plunkett-Greene, Mr. E. P. Cook (Worcester), Dr. Coward, the Hon. Norah Dawnay (Northampton), Lady Winifrede Cary-Elwes (Brigg), Mrs. Commeline (Berks., Bucks. and Oxon.), Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, the Hon. Maud Stanley, the Hon. Mrs. R. Spencer (Northampton), Miss Mary Egerton (York), Mrs. Whittaker (Blackpool), Mrs. Mansel (Mid-Somerset), Mrs. Massingberd (Spilsby), and others.

It is hardly possible in this memoir to follow the work of the Association year by year. This can be done by all who care to become members, by means of the admirable annual reports, issued in the October following each gathering.

At the meeting held on May 31st, 1911, a vote of sympathy with the members of Mary Wakefield's family was unanimously passed, and the words spoken by Lady Mary Trefusis on that occasion form such a noble and unforced tribute to her work and personality that this memoir would be incomplete without some quotation from them.

"The shadow of Miss Wakefield's death is over us to-day with special heaviness. Her loss is a vivid personal one to most of us, and it is a loss which time does not soften. But if her personality stood to us for anything, it stood for a keen and vital interest in promoting all that was highest and best in art—especially in music—an interest which admitted of no baffling obstacles nor indolent indifference when a definite goal was to be reached.

"This association of ours was very dear to Miss Wakefield's heart; she was most anxious that it should be a force for union to the movement of Competition Festivals all over the country, and last year she spoke often of her wish that it should become a still greater bond of musical fellowship, a stronger power for united action, and a more definite centre for all that concerns our mutual well-being and progress.

"We cannot show an affectionate loyalty to her memory better than by each one of us doing our best to help on her ideal and determining to go forward with the work she began so splendidly, and, therefore, our keynote to-day must not be regret—intense though that is in our hearts—but rather a renewed quickening of interest in, and enthusiasm

for, the work of this Association as the best memorial we can offer."

Before closing this brief *résumé* of the development of the Competition Festival movement a few words may be said as to the value set upon it by the leading native musicians of the day, and also as to its future influence upon the creative element in our musical life.

Among Mary Wakefield's letters are several which show that her work awoke the admiration and approval of many contemporary composers, and foremost writers on musical questions. I need only quote a few here to show how men of the most varied tastes and views united to encourage her in her work. Writing to her in 1904, Sir Hubert Parry says: "I do indeed think the Competition Festivals are splendid things—quite among the most hopeful signs of the times in this country. There are hundreds of ways in which they do good: showing people how really enjoyable good music is when you come to know it, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, and giving people something to work for and exercise their faculties upon, which are troubled and dulled sometimes in the country districts when without an incentive to activity; and giving them also opportunities to meet together and expand their experiences of men and things."

About the same time Sir Edward Elgar writes:

"We are leaving for the lower Rhine Festival on Tuesday—*The Apostles*—or I should have been very glad indeed to have attended the meeting. You know that I greatly approve the general idea of the competitions which, properly conducted, can only be productive of good. I should like to see the whole of England covered, so that a child or, in fact, any singing person, could not escape when they move, as they often do, from one district to another."

A year or two later he writes again in answer to an invitation to attend a conference of the Association of Musical Competition Festivals, suggesting a form of prize which, as far as I know, has never yet been offered at any of the Competitions:

June 25th, 1907.

Dear Miss Wakefield,

I am so sorry I cannot be at the meeting. I should not have had much to say, but amongst other things, I feel that at every

competition a prize should be offered for "the most artistic" effort. I say "effort" because the best work during a whole festival might be done by a conductor with an inadequate choir: that is to say the judges should bestow the award on that person, or choir, which they think has shewn the greatest artistic perception—possibly apart from actual execution. Providence, it was irreverently said, is on the side of the big battalions and, judged from the standpoint of tone, choirs large in numbers, or drawn from large districts, must necessarily have the advantage.

The award should be an important one in every festival: *i.e.*, of considerable value in relation to the other prizes offered.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
EDWARD ELGAR.

Here are Professor Hadow's views, given on a similar occasion: "It would have been a great pleasure to attend, if I had been able, and to say a few words of cordial congratulation on the great success of the movement which you have inaugurated. Ever since Somervell first told me of it, many years ago, I have been much interested in your scheme; and it is very encouraging to see how it is growing over the whole country and what a wholesome influence it is exercising on English music. When our blossoming time comes—and it is rapidly coming—we shall owe a great deal to the seed which you have planted."

Mr. Ernest Newman, in a recently published *brochure* entitled "The Value of Competition Festivals," says: "There is probably no one who has been brought into close touch with the Competitive Festival movement who does not remain an ardent worker for it. The prime ground of this enthusiasm is the conviction that the movement is doing more than any other single force for the musical regeneration of England." Again, by way of solving the problem as to how we are to acquire the musical *habit* in this country, he argues as follows: "The public taste in music and the appetite for it must so increase that the demand will be strong enough and permanent enough to insure supply. The present forces obviously cannot create this demand. Had they been able to do so, they would have done it any time during the last fifty years. There seems to me no force equal to the work except the Competition Festival. . . . . In every district where the movement has taken deep root there is a marked increase in the public appreciation of music of the higher type, and in the public

contempt for all music of the lower kinds. And it should be observed that at present there is no other means by which these results can be achieved. If those who are lukewarm about the Competition Festival can show us a better way of interesting tens of thousands of ordinary people annually in first-class music in their own homes, we shall be happy to adopt it; but at present the Festival holds the field." Finally he concludes with these pregnant words: "The Competition Festival movement is one that should appeal to music lovers everywhere. It achieves the maximum of results with the minimum of expense. It goes direct to the root of the malady of English musical life by bringing the finest music into the homes of the people, and by giving them, after they have sung it at the Festival, the dual opportunity of criticising other people in the same piece, and of being themselves criticised by expert adjudicators. Those who have seen the system at work cannot think without a thrill of the spiritual pleasure, the sense of the beauty of life, that all this lovely music has brought into many a poor home, many a dull village, many an ugly factory. The great mass of the people cannot possibly see many pictures, read many books, or live among beautiful scenery. It is music alone, that can lift them out of the routine or the squalor of their daily toil, and gild existence for them if it be only for a few hours. The Competition Festival movement makes music a bright reality to them; the more they live with it the more of a necessity does it become to them; and when it is a necessity to all of them, and not a luxury or a terror, England will at last become truly musical."

We might multiply instances of such congratulations and good will, but it is unnecessary: the present status of the movement speaks for itself.

We may, however, speak with some prophetic certainty as to the influence of these Competitive Festivals upon the future of musical life in this country.

If the work of those responsible for the organization of these Festivals all over England has been done faithfully and conscientiously, then, side by side with immense technical improvement in our choral singing, will come a corresponding sharpening of our critical faculty, a broadening of our outlook, and elevation of taste. So that we may look forward to the time when appreciation will no longer be centred in a

few large towns. We shall have a great musical public with a judgment that cannot be imposed upon; a public which will only care to perform and listen to really good music in various styles without distinction of school or nationality. At the same time it may be said of choral music, more than of any other branch of art, that a people's need can best be supplied by its native composers. The mere fact that they deal with the vernacular in a suitable way has much to do with this. But to a really musical nation the quality of the music will always be the first consideration. Therefore we may look to the work of the Competition Festivals to bring about two important results in the near future. The first will be an improvement in the quality of the translations which publishers will venture to offer to an intelligent singing public. The second, and more important, will be the encouragement offered to native composers to aim high and consider the more critical standards of our future performances. For assuredly as we become more educated we shall form our judgments with less reliance upon the guidance of a soft-hearted Press, and singers and audiences who have been largely nurtured upon the masterpieces of Bach will acquire sufficient independence of spirit to concentrate their enthusiasm only upon what is actually vital in creative art. We shall then be less flooded with home-made creations; but the quality will begin to tell.

A British composer will not be accepted and flattered simply because he is British, which is becoming the great danger to native music at the present time.

To turn from personal reflections to the views of one of our most progressive musicians, who may be relied upon to see as far ahead as it is given to most of us mortals to do, Professor Granville Bantock, realising, as a conductor and musician of wide experience, the difficulties which beset the spread of orchestral music in England, says :

" The modern orchestra has developed into an organ of incredible power and resource, though, chiefly for economic reasons, signs of a possible reaction in this direction are not wanting. There must be a limit somewhere, and in England it appears to be almost impossible to expect orchestral concerts even to pay expenses. For this reason instrumental music of the colossal proportions expected at the present day, although satisfactory enough to the artistic sense, cannot be justified on prudential grounds. Where,

then, are we to turn for an expression of the national sense of music which shall afford strong hope and security for a permanent existence? Nearly every village in England and Wales may be said to possess its choral society, corresponding in some degree with the numerous local orchestras to be found on the continent. If we would but devote the energies which are yearly dissipated in attempting—and in failing—to establish orchestral societies, to the recognition and the fostering of existing choral organizations, I venture to think that the harvest would be rich and profitable. We have not yet, by a long way, exhausted all the possible effects to be obtained from a judicious combination of voices, and if the extraordinary technique which has already been acquired in the orchestra can only be applied to the treatment of the chorus, we are surely justified in making the attempt and in looking forward to the realization of great achievement in the future."

Elsewhere he writes :

"There is good reason to expect a revival of musical interest among all classes in England at the present time. In the growing popularity of the Musical Competition Festival, a purely democratic movement, lies a great hope for the future. Apart from the educational value of such festivals, they may be said to justify their existence by a refining and far-reaching influence, impelling the people, at no little sacrifice of time and labour, to devote their spare energies to the cultivation and acquirement of a higher technique, which has already reached an almost incredible degree of proficiency. The prospect of any monetary reward is in most cases a negligible factor, the chief interest being centred in an honourable rivalry in the open field. In the North of England and in parts of Wales it has been my privilege to be present at many of these meetings, to listen with delight and amazement to some of the finest renderings of both classical and modern music, and to find the audience and musicians, alike drawn from the humbler classes, attracted thither solely by their love for music, and enjoying and appreciating these subtler forms of expression that elude the average concert-goer."

Moreover Granville Bantock has proved by works his faith in the future of choral music in England. Hearing the first production of his Choral Symphony based upon Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* by the Hallé Choir, at Man-

chester, on January 25th, 1912, it was impossible not to ask oneself whether the enterprise modestly inaugurated at Sedgwick in 1885, had not led on, surely and directly, to the possibility of such a bold creation, and its adequate interpretation.

Those who have followed this composer's recent development cannot have failed to see that he was alert to the possibilities afforded by the improved choral technique which is the outcome of the Competition Festival movement. Wisely he has taken full advantage of it by writing a little ahead perhaps of the present day, but by no means beyond the grasp of many of the rising choirs whose rapid progress from strength to strength is one of the most stirring signs of the times; choirs that are splendidly fulfilling Ruskin's admonition : " Do better than your to-day's best to-morrow." We should be unwise to assert that Bantock's Choral Symphony owes its inception wholly to the Competition Festival movement, but undoubtedly no composer would have ventured to write works so daring in their demands upon choral technique as *Sea Wanderers*, *Omar Khayyam*, and this latest example of his art—unless he had been sensible of the extraordinary advance in interpretative capacity which may fairly be attributed to the movement. This, the first Choral Symphony in the true sense of the word, fits a few exceptional choirs of the present day; but it will fit a number of choirs in the near future.

Others, too, have written, and are writing, with this movement in view.

As an example of what is now being done in some of the larger centres, we may instance one of the latest recruits to the movement—the Midland Competition Festival, to be held in the city of Birmingham in May, 1912. Here, the scheme includes ninety-five classes; the Festival is a five days' event; the music is selected from the works of sixty composers, of every period and school from Palestrina to Strauss; and each evening a concert is given in which the winning classes take part.

" I wish," writes Professor Bantock, commenting on this scheme, " that Miss Wakefield were still with us to witness this development of her splendid initiation."

Many will doubtless object that these great competitions in large towns which draw upon thickly populated districts, with their money prizes—although not of excessive

value—and their long list of solo events, depart so widely from the original type of the "Wakefield" festivals that they entirely contradict the primary intentions of the inaugurator of the movement and approach perilously near to the plan of the Welsh Eisteddfod, which was the very thing she was most anxious to avoid.

To such objections it is only possible to reply that when Mary Wakefield unsealed the unsuspected fountain-head of musical enthusiasm in our midst she could hardly have foreseen the varied courses in which its issuing streams were to run; nor was she in a position to estimate the unequal tributary forces which should leave one a modest, rural brooklet, and make of another a powerful river, drawing others into its spreading and deepening current. Had she lived, though regretting some of her original ideals, there is no doubt that she would ever have been the first to welcome every fresh accretion of genuine enthusiasm to the movement. She knew—no one better—that the conditions suitable for country festivals, which it was her original aim to promote, could not always be made to accord with the needs of large urban centres. Her own personal ideal was undoubtedly the gathering together of all classes to sing as much as may be for the pure joy of singing. Modifications of this personal ideal were inevitable as the movement grew more and more beyond her personal control and influence. Once started it never could have remained a "one woman" affair. She could never have wished it to be so. At the same time she had a wise horror of seeing a movement that had its springs in such pure, ideal enthusiasm polluted by greedy rivalry, "pot-hunting" and the commercial spirit generally. She would certainly have protested to the last against her work becoming a tool in the hands of any one school, clique, or branch of the musical profession. Even the most largely supported and independent off-shoots of her primitive scheme would be wise to keep always in remembrance the ideals of strict justice, simplicity and ungrasping fellowship on which it was first based; for on these foundations the stability and future achievement of the movement will entirely depend.

CHAPTER IX.

NUTWOOD. THE LAST YEARS.

Early in February, 1890, Mrs. Wakefield and her two unmarried daughters, Mary and Agnes, went to the south of France. In the summer of that year they left Sedgwick for good and settled at another family property at Eggerslack. Mary's indefatigable helper, Agnes Wakefield, married in January, 1893, becoming Mrs. T. A. Argles, of Eversley, Milnthorpe; but her new home was still within the district covered by the activities of the Westmorland Festival, and she continued to take the same keen interest in the work as before, although she relinquished to Mr. George Rathbone the office of travelling accompanist on the rehearsal tours.

In May, 1894, Mrs. Wakefield died. She had long been more or less of an invalid, but her death was rather sudden, and must have been a great shock to Mary, who happened to be away from home when the illness took a fatal turn. She was summoned back to Eggerslack in haste, arriving only just in time to see her mother in life again.

Mary Wakefield, although surrounded by many friends, and bound to her family by unusually warm bonds of affection, had now to face the prospect of living alone, since her busy life and independence of character made a separate roof-tree practically indispensable.

In the autumn of 1894 she went to Bayreuth, her special object being to hear "Parsifal." Afterwards she spent some weeks in the Bavarian Highlands, returning to Westmorland in October. December found her established in London, where she now had a small flat. Soon afterwards she threw herself into work again, and resumed her lecture-recitals.

Mary Wakefield moved into the house that was to be her last home at the end of April, 1895. She kept on her London *pied-à-terre* for a time; but she could never have lived the whole year round "in city pent," and the Festival work necessitated her spending a good deal of time in Westmorland. Nutwood—another Wakefield possession—stands half way up the wooded slope of Yewbarrow, above

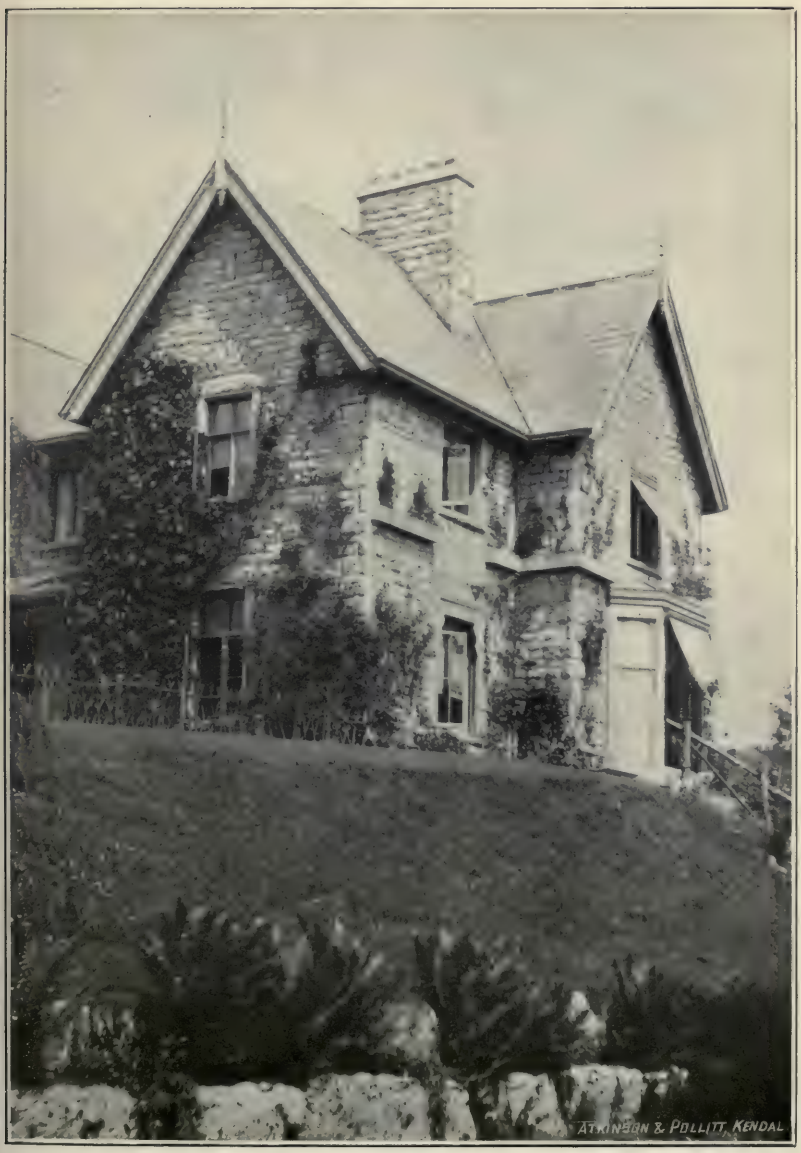

Photo S. L. Hamilton.

NUTWOOD.

the growing seaside resort, Grange-over-Sands. A short walk downhill leads to the hotel, the railway station, the ornamental grounds, all the other symbols of an advanced and, alas, advancing civilization. But half an hour's climb through the woods at the back of Nutwood carries us out on to the open, breezy spaces of Hampsfell, with its glorious views over glittering sea and amber sands, over range on range of the Westmorland and Cumberland mountains stretching away to the distant Lakeland; while in the east congregate the wild Yorkshire hills. Looking over the other side of the ridge, we see Cartmel Village, clustered grey and humble under the shadow of its great calm Priory Church, like a group of lowly friars awaiting the benediction of some imposing dignitary. From Nutwood itself, inset in its terraced garden, shrubberies and enfolding woodlands, nothing can be seen or guessed of tourist and tripper disporting on the shores below. The Riviera itself has scarcely anything more lovely to show than the outlook from the windows of Nutwood when sun and cloud in endless alternation send drifts of radiance or of shadow floating across Morecambe Bay. The sweeping circle of inland sea is now brimming with a full tide, as various in light and colour as an opal; a few hours later it becomes a vast expanse of level sand, pale gold and silver, with diamond-flashes where the sun strikes on some shallow pool or current, left by the receding waters. To look out on this scene, watching "the great changes of the ocean pass," was a never failing source of joy to Mary Wakefield and her guests.

It was here, at the beginning of May—which is still early spring in Westmorland—when the cherry blossom was frothing up the darkly wooded hill-slopes like spindrift blown in from the far-off Irish Sea, that I learnt to know Mary Wakefield intimately. In her plantations, the daffodils were lifting golden banners to the breeze and the veined wood-sorrel lay in gleaming patches on the moss, like tiny snowdrifts still forgotten by the sun, when first I came to Nutwood. Often as we afterwards met in London, it will always be in this country home that I shall see her in my memory, sitting at her writing table in the morning-room where she did so much useful work, surrounded by innumerable souvenirs of her full and interesting youth; still filled with energy and sympathy; still possessing what she used to describe as "the elemental quality of carrying away

others on the wings of one's personality." Or I recall her working with some of her old physical strength in the garden that was really a series of small, terraced gardens, of which she sometimes said that they were so many and some so minute that she was always afraid of entirely overlooking one of these charming, unexpected patches. When she was tired, which was all too soon in those later years, we would sit on the topmost terrace of all and talk of many things, always drifting back to the "eternal topic." How keenly she followed every new development of music! She always liked to hear about the national movement in Russia, and particularly about the strange personality and fiery zeal of Mily Balakirev, whose propagandist powers I have elsewhere compared with her own. Strangely enough both these beacon spirits passed away in the same year, within a few months of each other. But while Mary worked to the last, Balakirev, enfolded in mystic seculsion, had actually died to the world long before 1910.

Whenever I went to see Mary, or whatever our subjects of discussion, I invariably came away feeling rested and braced by the atmosphere of warm sympathy in which she knew so well how to wrap her friends, and by her strong belief in the efficacy of works. She kept to the end of her days the active, beneficent enthusiasm which may be said to include faith, for it does indeed remove mountains of sloth, prejudice and indifference.

Her first years at Nutwood must have been a period of great happiness, overshadowed later by a great sorrow. Although she needed an independent life, she hated a solitary one. Therefore soon after she had settled at Grange she welcomed the idea of sharing the house with a companion who was in every respect congenial to her. Miss Valentine Munro Ferguson, the writer of several works of fiction and some graceful verse, joined her at Nutwood in the spring of 1895. Apart from their mutual interest in art and literature, Miss Ferguson was in delicate health, and Mary soon lavished upon her that maternal, protective tenderness which all her friends felt to be one of the most beautiful qualities in her strong and practical nature.

We now see by her diaries how deeply attached she had become to this beautiful district of North Lonsdale, and how her pleasure in it was doubled when she could share it with a friend. Seldom a week passed while she was at

Nutwood that she did not make some day-long expedition to Cartmel, to the sands, to Walney Island, to Ulpha, Swarthmoor and other places in the neighbourhood. Miss Ferguson was fired by Mary's intense love of Nature and outdoor life, and in her last novel, "Love again—Life again," which she dedicated to her "In Happy Memory of Sound, and Sight, and Colour," she writes with some poetic feeling of the "Region separate, sacred, of mere, of ghyll, and of mountain," in which the friends spent a brief time of close intercourse. But if we compare Valentine Ferguson's descriptions of North Lonsdale scenery with those glowing little pictures which Mary Wakefield left us in the essays of which I have spoken elsewhere, we cannot fail to be struck by the more natural and impassioned worship of Nature, the deeper penetration of her moods, and the stronger treatment of the born daleswoman. Those papers, if not perfect as literature, are undoubtedly "the real thing"; the sketches in "Love again—Life again" when set beside "The May Trees of Holker Mosses," or "A Quaker Stronghold" look like pale copies of the original.

The life which the friends enjoyed together at Nutwood lasted only until the summer of 1897, when, after six or seven weeks' acute illness, during the later days of which Mary watched unceasingly by her sick bed, Miss Ferguson died on September 14th. It is needless to touch upon a sorrow to which, even ten years later, Mary Wakefield could hardly endure to allude.

In January, 1898, she joined Lady Bective on a tour to Southern Italy, and they spent a short time at Naples, journeying on to Sicily, which exercised a great fascination for Mary. Together they revisited Italy the following year. This time they stayed chiefly in Venice and Florence, winding up with a sojourn at Monte Generoso, and a wonderful week among the flowers, "gentians and narcissus everywhere," she notes in her diary.

At this time she always returned to Nutwood in March and April, in order to take the rehearsals for the forthcoming festival, and in the spring of 1898 she also acted as adjudicator at the Malvern competition.

During these years she became one of the earliest supporters of the Women's Suffrage movement. She was in all things on the side of progress and had few misgivings as to the possibility of making the world move on too fast.

As regards this and kindred problems, her sympathies were partly inherent, for as she herself says: "from early days the Friends have been supporters of the great 'woman' question, as shown originally, and to-day, by their female preachers, and also in the part they have played wherever a woman's work required a helping hand." She certainly had the courage of her conviction, political or otherwise, and no ridicule or persecution would, I feel sure, have sufficed to drive her from a position she had once taken up. At the same time, her well-balanced judgment and keen sense of humour would have always kept her from joining in the eccentric and injurious procedures of some of her fellow workers in the cause.

By 1900, it is easy to divine from engagements cancelled and frequent mentions in her diaries of severe chills and fatigue, that her health, hitherto impervious to all the strains she put upon it, was slightly failing. But she was accustomed to think of herself as hardy and strong beyond the average. She never willingly let her mind dwell on illness, and had—for herself at least—a masculine impatience of all that is involved in the words "giving in." A day or two of comparative repose, and she took up all her occupations with renewed zest; but such enforced periods of idleness now began to be of more frequent occurrence, and the necessity for retiring from public life and resigning herself to a more restricted sphere of work began to be forcibly borne in upon her.

From this year onward, she spent more quiet months at Nutwood, and the diary of her life becomes more and more the day-book of her garden.

Externally her existence now begins to offer fewer points of interest; but inwardly she lived it as keenly as ever. It still gave her pleasure to sing for herself or one or two friends. Indeed as late as 1905 she sang to me at my special pleading, and her voice was sympathetic and in tune. But she suffered acutely as she became conscious that year by year that glorious personal medium of her music, which had grown and developed with her life—had been in fact her very self—was gradually being taken from her. Once or twice she spoke to me of this loss with the tears in her eyes and a look that made me realise that the slow, inevitable drying up of that fountain of song which had been a

Photo S. L. Hamilton.

THE WOOD-GARDEN, NUTWOOD.

source of light and joy to herself and others was as tragic as any lingering dissolution.

It was just at this time when the loss of a dear companion and the prospective loss of her voice, made the outlook particularly depressing that she had the good fortune to find a new friend and helper in Miss Stella Hamilton, of Windermere. At first Miss Hamilton would come to her on short visits, which gradually became of longer duration, until finally she divided her life fairly evenly between her home and Nutwood, and learnt to help Mary Wakefield better than anyone else could do. Together they planned and carried out all kinds of improvements in the garden, an occupation which was very restful to her. They laid out a delightful rock-garden in the steep wood above the house. As long as she was strong enough Mary did really hard manual work with spade and pick, and spent hours cutting down trees with her own hand. "She was so clever at planning and foreseeing effects," says Miss Hamilton. "When first we started on the wood-garden we rolled large boulders about, apparently aimlessly; at first I could not follow her ideas, but I rolled the stones and *trusted*—and you know the result"! What glorious clumps and spots of colour stood out against the dark background of the woods and rugged masses of limestone! Besides blue larkspur, columbines, purple and pink and white, and shining constellations of golden lilies, she was also very proud of a fine flourishing root of mandragora, with its repulsive fruit; a plant—I had almost written a creature—more curious and "creepy" than ornamental. Her first "Garden Book" was started in 1897, and her last entry was made very shortly before her death, in the summer of 1910. In these books she always drew plans of the flower-beds each spring and autumn, which was a help in deciding year by year what to grow in them; she kept a list of plants that she bought, or had given to her, and collected all the photographs that had been taken in the garden, and all kinds of garden-lore in verse and prose. It was a never failing source of quiet happiness and interest.

Mary Wakefield did not turn her rooms into kennels after the fashion of the present day, but Nutwood was never without a dog or two. Her favourites were generally black Skye terriers, of famous Balmoral descent, like the one shown in the picture of the wood-garden.

Inside the house she had her books and pictures, including some beautiful works by Mr. Arthur Severn. Somehow these things at Nutwood were like friends; they formed such an intimate part of life there, one never thought of them as merely decorative, or as portions of "the furniture and effects."

Unlike many women who are absorbed in a cause, or strenuous work of any kind, Mary Wakefield had inherited from her mother the instincts and capacities of an admirable housewife. She saw to it personally that everything around her was very dainty and comfortable. Side by side with a favourite quotation, or a scrap of gardening news, one may sometimes light upon a recipe for some unusual and delicious dish she had eaten abroad. She was the soul of hospitality, and it was her greatest pleasure to have her spare room occupied.

At Nutwood, she instituted the meetings of the Competition conductors in 1901, when they all gathered at her house to go through the music for the next Festival. After two hours' hard work, those who pleased stayed on and were entertained at tea.

She had a characteristic method of summoning the gardener or his boy when she wanted them at the house. I have often seen her standing in the porch at Nutwood sounding a vigorous fanfare on an old coach horn, a relic of Sedgwick days. I used to laugh at her virtuosity on this instrument, and call her in fun "the female Borsdorf." She was immensely amused when another musical friend exclaimed aptly enough: "Hark! Mary must be calling the cattle home across the sands of *Kent*."

In November, 1903, Stella Hamilton, who had recovered from an illness, was advised to spend a few months in Italy. Mary Wakefield loved Westmorland with the steady loyal love of a child for its mother; but for Italy she had a passion, second only to her passion for music. She could never resist a chance of returning there. Consequently she joined Miss Hamilton for this tour and they started for Naples, Mary thoroughly enjoying her friend's enthusiasm at her first sight of the country; she was delighted to see her violently stricken with the Italian fever. From Naples they went to Ravello, breaking the journey at La Cava to see the famous organ of La Trinità, said to be the finest instrument in Italy. March, 1904, found them in Rome,

and at this time Miss Hamilton says Mary sang a great deal in her own room at the hotel where they stayed. She studied the customs which belonged to all the various Festas, and I think it must have been during this visit that she began to collect materials for her unfinished article on St. Cecilia.

Her return to Italy the following year was less fortunate. She was already suffering intermittently from neuritis and rheumatic troubles, and the two months she spent abroad, first at Alassio and then in Rome, brought no alleviation. On the contrary, in the latter place she got much worse, and although she had some happy days there with her sister Ruth (Mrs. Goodwin) and Stella Hamilton, she resolved to cut short her visit and returned to London before the New Year.

She spent the first three months of 1906 in London, taking a course of electric baths, which did her some good, so that when she went home to Nutwood in April the lameness which had been such a trial to her all the winter was somewhat less irksome. She was able to do some gardening, and, contrary to her own previous fears, to attend the Westmorland Festival. It was an unusually important occasion—the coming of age of her cherished work; and H.R.H. Princess Christian had consented to attend the Festival and give away the competition prizes. Long years had elapsed since any member of the Royal Family had visited Kendal, and there was naturally a flutter of anxiety lest all should not be carried out in accordance with precedence and the laws of etiquette. Mary, who was nothing if not practical, having been consulted on the subject, undertook to rehearse the whole ceremony with the police, greatly to her inner amusement. I had been listening to the competing choirs most of the morning, and on slipping away from the hall, I was astonished to see her receiving an imaginary bouquet, and people respectfully backing from her in all directions! When she had done with her officials and laid aside her temporary state, all had been thoroughly learnt, and subsequently the ceremony passed off without a hitch. But although she was sustained by her pride and satisfaction in being able to look upon this full grown creation of her own energies, the twenty-first Festival was a great strain upon her failing physical powers.

1907 brought, on the whole, a happier time for her. Partly she was beginning to accept with some philosophy

the altered condition of things; partly, too, she was able to move about with greater ease, although, remembering her past activity, it is pathetic to find a walk of half-a-mile outside the grounds of Nutwood chronicled as an event in her existence. There were, of course, brighter days interspersed with these times of lassitude and pain; the visits of her sister Ruth, or of some old friend, always gave her pleasure. Now and again sheer pluck carried her through short periods of great exertion, as when she came up to town in June for the Conference of the Association of Musical Competition Festivals, or when, in October, she managed to be present at the Leeds Festival, which she had rarely missed since her girlhood.

With all its beauty of surroundings and mild climate, Nutwood did not appeal to her as a winter residence. The surrounding woods made it damp in late autumn, and the rainy or snowy months in Lakeland are often of long duration. She was glad to leave it then for the congenial atmosphere of London, where she could hear music and see the old friends to whom she clung more closely as time went on. All through the early part of 1908 she stayed in town, with Lady Bective, and judging from the comparatively few indications of illness in her diaries, and the number of her social engagements, her life had resumed something of its old joyous activity. In February of this year I introduced to her the Finnish composer, Jean Sibelius. They met several times, and although neither of them spoke more than a few words of any language known to the other, they managed to understand something of their mutual artistic tastes and convictions. Sibelius's songs, with their lofty idealism and subtle reflection of nature—of a landscape and atmosphere not unlike those of her own native district—spoke very eloquently to Mary Wakefield. How she would have sung them twenty years earlier! This being a Festival year—it had now become biennial—she returned to Westmorland in April. Later on she stayed in London in order to hear some of Richard Strauss's works at the Promenade Concerts. In September she settled down again at Nutwood, and the Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein being on a visit to Lady Bective, at Lunefield, Mary found immense pleasure in acting as her guide to many of her favourite nooks and corners of North Lonsdale. She delighted in such expeditions in the company of a sympathetic and

Photo S. L. Hamilton.

IN THE GROUNDS, NUTWOOD.

enthusiastic admirer of these wild fells, wide-stretching mosses, and russet wooded slopes; and the Princess was a great lover of outdoor life, enjoying these simple pleasures as much as her cicerone. The rest of that autumn passed uneventfully at Nutwood.

The early part of 1909 was in most respects a repetition of the previous year. She remained in London until April and was able to attend many of the most interesting musical events of the spring season. Her diary is full of entries of visits paid to her and by her, so that one is glad to feel that this year started more cheerfully and inspired the hope that she might be spared to us for a long time to come. In the autumn, however, it became evident that her illness had taken a far more serious turn. Early in 1910 it was thought advisable that she should be in London in order to be within reach of special advice and treatment, and she took a flat in Carlisle Mansions.

She was now quite an invalid, spending most of her time in bed. To her, all the paraphernalia of sickness was insupportable. She had never been one of those women who " enjoy bad health " and find a kind of consolation in being made the chief consideration of those around her. As might be expected from so brave and energetic a nature, she made a bad invalid, but a courageous sufferer. There is no need to dwell upon these months of her life over which she herself would have so gladly drawn a veil. The one bright side of them was in the devotion of those who surrounded her. She was able to enjoy the visits of her sisters and her friends. Everyone who knew her passion for flowers sent them to her, so that her room had always a festal air. But I think she loved best the little bits of palm, the catkins, and the immature budding things that reminded her how spring was creeping up to her woods and rock-garden at home. During the greater part of her time in London Miss Hamilton was with her.

Partially convalescent, she went back to Nutwood in June. The warm summer days brought some further improvement, but the Mary Wakefield of old, untiring, independent, giving out so generously of her mental and physical powers to all who needed it, was nearing the end of her work. No one who truly loved or understood her could have wished the time of weakness and suffering to be indefinitely prolonged.

Happily the last months of her life were less invalidish than the early spring had been. During the summer she sat out, no longer planting or pruning, but planning and superintending the work in the garden. She still cared to know what was going on in the world of literature and music, although the weakness of her eyes prevented her reading or writing much.

The Festival and all that concerned it remained to the last a living interest to her. Above all, in her best days, she could still enjoy being driven to her favourite haunts. One or two such drives we had together while I was on a short visit to her after my return from abroad in July. Although few words had been said, I do not think either of us really expected to see each other again after I had taken leave of her in London nearly three months earlier. The memory of these drives will always remain with me for the wonderful peaceful happiness we both drew in from "the intense tranquility of silent hills, and more than silent sky." One of our expeditions took us past the little Quaker meeting-house at "The Heights," with its humble, sequestered graveyard where she sometimes said it would be good to lie among the golden daffodils when the strange, intricate broidery we call our life-work should be finished, folded, and laid aside for ever.

The remainder of the summer brought no decisive change. At the beginning of September I received a letter from her, evidently written with some difficulty, and characteristically more concerned with a friend's welfare than her own. "I have been a poor thing since you were here," she wrote. "My eyes have been very bad and I am forbidden all writing. I wonder if you will do something for me?" The thing she wished me to do was to go to the first night of Mme. Albanesi's play "Sister Anne" at the Coronet Theatre. Miss Marion Terry was taking the leading part in it, and Mary was extremely anxious for its success. Unluckily her letter reached me far away in the country, and so, to my great regret, her last request to me remained unfulfilled.

A few days afterwards I heard that her condition was alarming. She had come to the close of a very happy day, spent in the company of some old friends who had gone to see her at Nutwood, when the last summons came. No one, I think, suspected that the end was so near. She lingered

for a day or two after the fatal seizure, but soon a quiet unconsciousness enfolded her from all communication with those who watched and followed her as far as one mortal may follow another along that last, shadowy path that leads out to the great dawn.

She died on Friday, September 16th, 1910, and on the following Monday she was laid to rest beside her father and mother in the little churchyard at Crosscrake, for the rebuilding of which she had sung and worked years before in the Sedgwick times. She was carried to her grave by the conductors of the various choirs belonging to the Westmorland Festival; while representatives from each district formed the choir that took part in the funeral service.

Well, or ill, my task is now completed. The writing of this memoir has not been all a joy. Who does not know the heartache from which we suffer each time we see and touch a page written in a familiar writing that we shall never welcome again in a familiar way, because the most trivial jottings—even the empty envelopes—are now made consecrate by the everlasting stillness of the hand that wrote them? All the letters and papers in my care have grown precious in my eyes; either because she valued them, or because they bear the imprint of her own strong and honourable personality. It has sometimes been difficult to select the materials best suited for the building of a fitting memorial of her. But I believe she would have wished it to be something as simple, as straightforward, and as just, as herself. Therefore I lay aside the residue of the materials confided to me in the earnest hope that I have made such use of them as she herself would have approved, and that writing of her as she appeared to me, who only knew her in the rich and abundant autumn of her life, I have still succeeded in giving a truthful reflection of her whole personality and work. We, her contemporaries, are in no danger of forgetting the generous and enthusiastic woman we knew as Mary Wakefield. Many of her friends will cherish their own vivid remembrances of her more closely than any memoir that could ever be written. But this book is destined

also to keep her memory green for those to come; for her "music of the future;" that ever increasing multitude who, thanks to her initiative and steady purpose, will learn the full meaning of those words of Martin Luther which constituted her favourite motto: "Music is a fair and glorious gift of God. I would not for the world renounce my humble share in music." Thinking of these, who never had the privilege of knowing her or feeling the direct influence of her ardour, I can but conclude with the hope that at least I have done no injustice to the memory of a noble worker and a dear friend.

APPENDIX.

List of Music Performed at the Westmorland Festival, 1885—1912.

Pieces marked with "C" are suitable for Competitions, those in large type are Works suitable for Combined Performance by the Choirs. "S" For Competition a piece is selected by the Judge from Concert Music.

1885-86.

PART SONG	"Ye Spotted Snakes" (c)	...	*Stevens*
PART SONG	"Rhine Raft Song" (c)	...	*Pinsuti*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"A Legend of the Rhine" (c)	...	*Smart*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Lift thine eyes" (c)	...	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"Songs of Praise the Angels sang" ...	...	*Leslie*
PART SONG	"Here in cool grot"...	...	*Mornington*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"The Sailor's Song"	...	*Hatton*
CHORUS	"Galatea, dry thy Tears"	...	*Handel*

1887.

CANTATA	"LAUDA SION"	...	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"The Silent Land" (c)	...	*Gaul*
CHORUS	"But as for His People"	...	*Handel*
FEMALE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Hearts feel that love Thee" (c) ...	...	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"The Sea hath its pearls" (c) ...	...	*Pearsall*
PART SONG	"Lullaby of Life"	...	*H. Leslie*

1888.

CANTATA	"O, LIGHT EVERLASTING"	*Bach*
CHORUS	"O, go your way unto His gates"	*Handel*
CHORUS	"Morning Prayer" / "Autumn Song" ... (c)	*Mendelssohn*
CHORUS	"May no rash Intruder"	*Handel*
MADRIGAL	"In going to my lonely bed" (c)	*Edwardes, 1560*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Flow down, cold Rivulet" (c)	*Luard Selby*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"At Andernach in Rhineland" (c)	*Abt*
TREBLE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"The Swallow" (c)	*Leslie*
	"Allan-a-Dale"	*C. H. Lloyd*

1889.

CANTATA	"GALLIA"	*Gounod*
ANTHEM	"Rejoice in the Lord alway"	*Purcell*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"Gondolier's Serenade"	*Schubert*
CHORUS	"Hallelujah" (Mount of Olives)	*Beethoven*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"The Nightingale" (c)	*Weelkes, 1600*
MADRIGAL	"Now is the Month of Maying" (c)	*Morley*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"O, Happy Fair" (c)	*Shield*
TREBLE VOICES. 3 parts ...	"Hear my Prayer, O Lord"	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"The Hunter's Farewell" (c)	*Mendelssohn*
	"Hunting Song" (c)	
BACH CHOIR MAGAZINE ...	*a* "Pastime with Good Company"	*Henry VIII.*
	b "Once I loved a Maiden fair"	*Old English*

1890 (No Festival).

1891.

CANTATA	"GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST"		*Bach*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"Fair-tinted Primrose" *(Curwen's Leaflets)* (c) ...		*Mendelssohn*
CHORUS	"The many rend the Skies"		*Handel*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"The Nightingale"		*Bateson, 1601*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"Serenade" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
CHORUS	*a* "The Young May Moon"		*Balfe*
	b "The Lass o' Richmond Hill"		*Leslie*
CHORUS	"Forth to the Meadows, Rosamunde"... ...		*Schubert*
CHORUS	"In these delightful pleasant Groves" (c) ...		*Purcell*

1892.

CANTATA	"THE SONG OF MIRIAM"		*Schubert*
PART SONGS	"The Flowers of the Forest" / "The Campbells are coming" ...	*Arr. by*	*Patterson*
PART SONG	"It was a Lover and his Lass"		*Morley, 1600*
FEMALE VOICES... ...	"Hail! Star of Eve" (c)		*Spofforth*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"The Merry Wayfarer" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
PART SONGS	"When Evening's Twilight" (c)		*Hatton*
PART SONGS	"Departure" / "The Vale of Rest" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
Nos. 1 to 4 of *Mendelssohn* 4 part Songs	"An Old Romance" ...		*Mendelssohn*

1893.

CANTATA	"ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY"		*C. H. H. Parry*
PART SONGS	"Ladye Fayre, thou hast my life"	*Old French, edited by*	*H. Leslie*
	"This morning, at the Dawn of Day"		
CHORUS	"Hail, Bright Abode" *(Tannhäuser)*		*Wagner*
CHORUS	"The Land of the Leal"	*Arr. by*	*Patterson*
CHORUS	"Bonnie Dundee"		*Miller*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts	"Say, where is He born?" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
TREBLE VOICES	"Summer is a coming in" (c)		*13th Century*
TREBLE VOICES, 4 parts	"Hark, Hark, the Lark" (c)	*Arr. by*	*H. Leslie*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts	"Hail to the Chief" (c)		*Schubert*
CHORUS	"See what love hath the Father" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
CHORUS	"When Allan-a-Dale went a hunting"		*Pearsall*
MADRIGAL	"Why do the Roses" (c)		*Pearsall*

1894.

CANTATAS	"COME LET US SING" *(95th Psalm)* / "AS THE HART PANTS" *(42nd Psalm)*	...	*Mendelssohn*
CHORUS	"Behold, God the Lord" *(Elijah)* ...	...	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONGS	*a* "The Knight's Tomb" / *b* "Corydon, arise" ... / *c* "Sing, Heigh ho!"	...	*Stanford*
PART SONGS	*a* "The Harp that once" / *b* "The Minstrel Boy"	*Arr. by*	*Balfe*
PART SONGS	"Scots Wha Ha'e"	*Arr. by*	*A. Somervell*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"Hail, Judæa!" (c)	...	*Handel*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Lift Thine Eyes" (c)	...	*Mendelssohn*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"See the Chariot at hand" (c) ...	...	*Horsley*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"The Winter it is past" (c)	...	*Somervell*
	"With Drooping Wings" (c) ...	...	*Purcell*
	"The Shepherd's Song (c)	...	*Mendelssohn*
MADRIGAL, 5 Voices ...	"The Silver Swan" (c)	...	*Gibbons, 1612*

1895.

CANTATA	"THE POWER OF SOUND"	*Somervell*
CHORUS	"The Hag"	*L. Selby*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"Soldiers' Chorus" *(Faust)*	*Gounod*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"The Silver Penny"	*Roeckel*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"Nurse's Song"	*L. Selby*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Surely Melody from Heaven was sent" ...	*Roston Bourke*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Orpheus and his Lute" (c)	*German*
MALE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"How merrily we live" (c)	*Este*
ANTHEM	"O Lord my God" (c)	*Wesley*
PART SONG	"Go, lovely Rose" (c)	*Callcott*
MADRIGAL	"Adieu, Sweet Amarillis" (c)	*Wilbye, 1598*

1896.

OPERA	"ORPHEUS"	*Glück*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"Red Riding Hood's Reception"	*Roeckel*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"The Children are Singing"	*Wakefield*
ACTION SONG	"The Farmyard"	*Button*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind" (c)... ...	*J. S. Stevens*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"Sweet Day so Cool" (c)	*Macfarren*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Rise again, glad Summer Sun" (c)	*Leslie*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"Lovely Night" (c)	*Chwatal*
ANTHEM, 4 parts ...	"Lord, for Thy tender Mercies Sake" (c) ...	*Farrant*
MADRIGAL	"Flow on, my Tears" (c)	*Benet, 1599*

1897.

CANTATA	"INVOCATION TO MUSIC"		*Parry*
CANTATA	"A STRONGHOLD SURE"		*Bach*
CANTATA	"CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" ...		*Somervell*
PART SONG	"It was a Lover"		*J. C. Bridge*
PART SONG	"In this hour of softened splendour"		*Pinsuti*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"The Hours"		*Roeckel*
TREBLE VOICES	"Queen of the Sixty Years"		*Wakefield*
TREBLE VOICES	"Jack Frost"		*Hatton*
TREBLE VOICES	"Archer's Song"		*Stafford Smith*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Nanie" (c)		*Schumann*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"The Beleagured" (c)		*Sullivan*
CHORUS	"He, watching over Israel" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"The Melody of May" (c)	*Arr. by*	*Somervell*
MADRIGAL	"Come let us join the Roundelay" (c)		*Beale*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"The Merry Maidens" (c)		*Rubinstein*
QUARTETTE	"Sleep, gentle Lady" (c)		*Bishop*

1898.

CANTATA	"ODE TO THE SEA"	*Somervell*
CANTATA	"HYMN OF PRAISE"	*Mendelssohn*
CHORUS	"Huntsmen's Chorus"	*Weber*
CHORUS	"Let their Celestial Concerts all unite"	*Handel*
CHORUS	*a* "The Bells of Aberdovey" ... } *b* "March of the Men of Harlech" }	*Old Welsh, arranged by L. C. Venables*
CHORUS	"Moonlight"	*Eaton Faning*
CHORUS	"Music spread thy voice around"	*Handel*
CHORUS	"Gipsy Life"	*Schumann*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"Home of Titania"	*B. Tours*
ACTION SONG	"Union Jack"	*Gaul*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Yet once again" *(Zauberflöte)* (c)	*Mozart*
TREBLE V., 2 pts. Anthem	"Give ear unto me" (c)	*Marcello, 1686*
TREBLE V., 2 pts. Anthem	"Those Evening Bells" (c)	*Franz Abt*
	"Pluck ye Roses" (c)	*Schumann*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"To a Skylark" (c)	*C. H. Lloyd*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"Lutzow's wild Chase" (c)	*Weber*
PART SONG	"Ave Maria" (c)	*Smart*
PART SONG	"The Sands of Dee" (c)	*Macfarren*
PART SONG	"Music when soft voices die" (c)	*Parry*
MADRIGAL	"Down in a Flowery Vale" (c)	*Festa, 1541*

1899.

CANTATA	"RUINS OF ATHENS"		*Beethoven*
CANTATA	"THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE"...	...	*Elgar*
CHORAL BALLAD ...	"YOUNG LOCHINVAR"		*L. Lehmann*
	"In Honour of Music"		*Somervell*
CHORUS	"Haste thee, Nymph"		*Handel*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"Old May Day"		*C. Woods*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Hey ho, to the Greenwood" (c)		*Byrd*
TREBLE V., Part Song, 2 pts.	"The British Grenadiers" (c)... ...	*Arr. by*	*W. G. McNaught*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	"Sinks the Night" (c)		*Schumann*
	"Now the Golden Morn" (c)		*Stainer*
MALE VOICES	"The Homeward Watch" (c)...		*Smart*
CHORUS, 4 parts ...	"Come away, sweet Love" (c)		*Rathbone*
CHORUS, 4 parts ...	"O gladsome Light" (c)		*Sullivan*
MADRIGAL	"Lady, see on every side" (c)...		*Marenzio, 1570*

1900.

CANTATA	" PHAUDRIG CROHOORE " ...	...	*C. V. Stanford*
CANTATA	" HIAWATHA'S WEDDING FEAST "	...	*Coleridge-Taylor*
MADRIGAL	" Breathe Softly, Flutes "	...	*A. M. Wakefield*
CHORUS	" When the Boys come Home " ...	...	*Luard Selby*
PART SONGS	" The Nightingale in silent night " (c)	...	*G. Rathbone*
	" Gather ye Rosebuds " ...		
CANTATA (Children) ...	" The Frogs and the Ox "	...	*Bridge*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	" In Mary's Garden " (c)	...	*E. Boyce*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	" Welcome thou, whose deeds conspire "	...	*Handel*
SONG	" Cricket Song " (c)	...	*P. A. Thomas*
TREBLE VOICES, 3 parts ...	" He in tears that soweth " (c) ...	...	*Hiller*
ANTHEM, 4 parts ...	" What are these " (c)	...	*Stainer*
PART SONG, 4 parts ...	" Sing Heigh-Ho "	...	*A. Somervell*
PART SONG, 4 parts ...	" Sweet Love for me "	...	*C. V. Stanford*
VILLAGE ORCHESTRA ...	" Overture to Rosamunde "	...	*Schubert*

1901.

CANTATA	"THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA"	*Coleridge-Taylor*
CANTATA	"HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE"	*Coleridge-Taylor*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"THE WAITS OF BREMEN"	*Luard Selby*
CHORUS	"Be not afraid"	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"The Miller's Wooing"	*Eaton Faning*
PART SONG	"Evening"	*Sullivan*
PART SONG	"Ye Mariners of England"	*H. Pierson*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"The Old Green Lane" (c)	*G. Rathbone*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"To Victory"	*Barwell*
MALE VOICES, 4 parts ...	"The Lotus Flower" (c)	*Schumann*
PART SONG, 4 parts ...	"Persevere" (c)	*Goetz*
PART SONG, 4 parts ...	"There Rolls the Deep" (c)	*Parry*
PART SONG, 6 parts ...	"Serenade"	*Brahms*
PART SONG, 4 parts ...	"Come pretty Wag" (c)	*Parry*
MADRIGAL	"In Pride of May" (c)	*Weelkes*
VILLAGE ORCHESTRA ...	Military Symphony (1st and 2nd movement) ...	*Haydn*

1902.

CANTATA	"SLEEPERS WAKE"	*Bach*
CANTATA	"SONG OF DESTINY"	*Brahms*
CANTATA	"LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER"	*Hamish McCunn*
CANTATA	"ELEGY"	*Arthur Somervell*
CANTATA (Children) ...	"VILLAGE SCENES"	*F. H. Cowen*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"The Coming of May" (c)	*Ethel M. Boyce*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"The Arethusa" (c)...	
VOCAL QUARTETTE ...	"Summer Time" (c)	*Schumann*
MALE VOICE QUARTETTE...	"Hymn before Action" (c)	*Walford Davies*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"The Dreaming Lake" (c)	*Reinecke*
PART SONG	"How dear to me the hour"	*Needham*
PART SONG	"Slavonic Cradle Song"	*Dvorak*
MADRIGAL	"Phillida Flouts me" (c)	*Nicholson*
BRASS BAND	March from "Scipio"	*Handel*
VILLAGE ORCHESTRA ...	Overture to "Idomeneo"	*Mozart*

1903.

CANTATA	"CORONATION ODE"	*Elgar*
CANTATA	"POWER OF SOUND"	*Somervell*

MADRIGALS ... ...

"Summer is y' coming in"	*Old English*	"Down in a flowery vale"	*Festa*
"In going to my lonely bed"	*Edwards*	"Lady fair thou hast"	*Old French*
"To take the air"	*Farmer*	"Love in May"	*Old French*
"In pride of May"	*Weelkes*	"Why do the Roses"	*Pearsall*
"The Silver Swan"	*Gibbons*	"Come let us join"	*Beale*
"Since first I saw your face"	*Ford*	"When Allan a'Dale"	*Pearsall*
"Awake sweet love"	*Dowland*	"Music when soft voices die"	*Parry*
"Now is the month"	*Morley*	"Better music ne'er was known"	*Parry*
"Lady see on every side"	*Marenzio*	"Sweet Love for me"	*Stanford*

CANTATA (Children) ...	"VOGELWEID THE MINNESINGER" ...	*G. Rathbone*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"Whispering Wind" (c)	*Labbett*
TREBLE VOICES, 2 parts ...	"Blackberries" (c)	*Myles Foster*
QUARTETTE	"The Water Lily" (c)	*Gade*
FEMALE VOICE TRIO ...	"Thou art far" (c)	*Schumann*
MALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Warrior's Song" (c)	*Hatton*
PART SONG	"The Nightingale" (c)	*Mendelssohn*
PART SONG	"My love dwelt in a northern land" (c) ...	*Elgar*
MADRIGAL	"Why weeps alas my lady love" (c)	*Pearsall*
VILLAGE ORCHESTRA ...	Symphony No. 5 in B Flat	*Schubert*

ORATORIO	"ELIJAH"		*Mendelssohn*
RAPSODIE, for MALE VOICE CHOIR AND CONTRALTO SOLO		... ...	*Brahms*
Nos. 1, 3, and 4 of Four Trios for FEMALE VOICE CHOIR, with Harps and Horns			*Brahms*
MALE VOICE CHOIR AND BARITONE SOLO ...	"Cavalier Songs"		*Stanford*
EIGHT-PART CHORUS ...	"Blest Pair of Syrens"		*Parry*
CHILDREN'S CONCERT SELECTION ...	"Hail Judæa" / "Welcome Thou"	*Handel*	"Nurse's Song" ...*Schumann*; "Pluck ye Roses" ...*Selby*; "Whispering Wind" *Labbett*; "Blackberries" *Foster*
BRASS BAND (Selection) ...	"The Hymn of Praise"		*Mendelssohn*
QUARTETTE	"The Rose in our Garden" (c)		*Leslie*
QUARTETTE (Male Voice)	"He who trusts in Ladies fair" (c)		*Eisenhofer*
ORCHESTRA	"Cornelius" (c)		*Mendelssohn*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"In the dell and dingle" (c)		*Benet*
VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY	"Red, red Rose" (c)		*Hatton*
CHORAL SOCIETY ...	*a* "O Happy Eyes" (c)		*Elgar*
	b "Lilian"		*Waddington*
MADRIGAL	"Where flowery meadows" (c)		*Palestrina*
JUNIOR CHOIR	"The Posy" (c)		*E. Boyce*
JUNIOR CHOIR (Boys only)	"Work and Play" (c)		*Foster*
JUNIOR CHOIR (Girls only)	"Wanderer's Night Song" (c)		*Rubinstein*
BOY'S SOLO	"Blow, Blow thou wintry wind" (c)		*Arne*
JUNIORS' DUET ...	"Down in a green and shady bed" (c).		*K. Boundy*
JUNIORS' VIOLIN SOLO ...	Sonata No. 9 (c)		*Corelli*

1905.

CHORUS	" STABAT MATER "	*Dvorak*
CHORUS	" FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT "	*Mendelssohn*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	" FLY SINGING BIRD " ... ... / " THE SNOW "	*Elgar*
MALE VOICE CHOIR AND BARITONE SOLO	" DIE VATERGRUFT "	*Cornelius*
CHORUS	*a* " THE MAIDEN " ... ... / *b* " DIM-LIT WOODS " ... ... / *c* " DEAR CAN'ST THOU TELL " ... / *d* " THE FALCON "	*Brahms*
CANTATA	" ORPHEUS " The words being ' The Power of Music " WORDSWORTH	*G. Rathbone*
CHORUS	" HAIL, BRIGHT ABODE " *(Tannhäuser)* ...	*Wagner*
VOCAL QUARTETTE ...	" Tower Tomb " (from Yeoman of the Guard) (c)	*Sullivan*
FEMALE VOICE TRIO ...	" Sound Sleep " (c)	*Vaughan Williams*
VIOLIN SOLO	" Sonata in A " (Introduction and Finale) ...	*Handel*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	" A Song of the Four Seasons " (c)	*Luard Selby*
VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY	" Praise, oh praise " (c)	*Luard Selby*
MALE VOICE CHOIR ...	" A Vintage Song "	*Mendelssohn*
CHORAL SOCIETY ...	" O lovely May " (and portion from Concert Music (c)	*Brahms*
MADRIGAL	" Thyris " (c)	*Benet*
JUNIOR CHOIR	" Evening Song " (c)	*Mendelssohn*
BOYS' CHOIR	" A Song of Summer " (c)	*Ethel Boyce*
GIRLS' CHOIR	" The Dream Child's Lullaby " (c)	*Ethel Boyce*
BOY'S SOLO	*a* " The Fighting Temeraire " (c) ... ... / b " Hark, hark the Lark " (c)...	*Pascal* / *Schubert*
BOYS' DUET	" May Song " (c)	*Schumann*
PIANO SOLO	*a* " Lieder ohne Wörte No. 1 " (c) ... ... / *b* " Toccata " in A major (c)	*Mendelssohn* / *Paradies*
ORCHESTRA	" Petits Riens " Ballet Musik (c)	*Mozart*

1906.

CHORUS	"O LIGHT EVERLASTING"	*Bach*
CHORUS	"THE SUN WORSHIPPERS"	*Goring Thomas*
CHORUS	"ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND" ...	*F. Clive*
MALE VOICE AND CONTRALTO SOLO ...	"RHAPSODIE"	*Brahms*
CHORUS	"THE MESSIAH"	*Handel*
CHILDREN'S CONCERT SELECTION ...	*a* "A Cradle Song" (c) ... ... *b* "Nurse's Song" (c) ... ... *c* "Night" (c) ... ... *d* "The Laughing Song" (c)... ...	... *Ernest Walker*
	a "The Snow"	... *Schumann*
	b "Song of Shepherdesses"	... *Schubert*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Coronach"	... *Schubert*
MALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"It's oh to be a Wild Wind" ...	... *Elgar*
VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY	"In silent night" (c) ... ... "The enchanted Nightingale" (c) ...	*German Folk Songs*
CHORAL SOCIETY ...	"My sweet Sweeting" (c)	... *W. H. Bell*
MADRIGAL	"Spring returns" (c)	... *Marenzio*
VOCAL QUARTETTE ...	"Little Maiden" (c)	... *Gall*
BOY'S SOLO	"A Song of May" (c)	... *Beethoven*
BOYS' DUET	"The old Gray Fox" (c)	... *Stanford*
ORCHESTRA	"Overture to the Marionettes" (c) ...	... *Gurlitt*

1908.

CHORUS	"THE REVENGE"	*Stanford*
CHORUS	"Evening Scene"	*Elgar*
CHORUS	"Spanish Serenade"	*Elgar*
CHORUS	"GERMAN REQUIEM"	*Brahms*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA	"God in Nature"	*Schubert*
MALE VOICE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA	"Recognition of Land"	*Grieg*

CHORUS ... ...

"As Vesta was"	*Weelkes*	"Litany" (Female Voices)	*Hurlstone*
"My heart it seemed"	*Palestrina*	"Liebe" (Male Voices)	*Strauss*
"Sweet honey sucking bees"	*Wilbye*	"Oh what a lovely magic"	*Bantock*
"Great God of Love"	*Pearsall*	"Awake, awake"	
"Charm me asleep"	*Leslie*	"Evening has lost her throne"	
"I can but love thee"	*Cornelius*	"The Lady Oriana"	*Wilbye*

JUNIOR CHOIR ... ...

"The Luck of Edenhall" (s)	*S. H. Nicholson*
"Hey ho the morning dew" (s) ...	*Irish Folk Songs*
"O sleep my baby" (s)	
"Cradle Song" (s)	*Brahms*
"The man is coming" (s)	
"The Little Sandman" (s)	
"Remember the poor" (s)	*Irish Folk Songs*
"Clare's Dragoons" (s)	

1908 (continued).

JUNIOR CHOIR, with SOLO	"Sleep my Child"	...	*Old German* ...
	"Praise be to God"...		
BOY'S SOLO	"Longing for the Spring" (c) ...	...	*Mozart*
	"The oncoming of Spring"		
	"The little Spinner" (selected by judge)		
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"The Shepherd" (c)	...	*Walford Davies*
MALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Boot, saddle, to horse" (c)	...	*Bantock*
VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY	"Song of the Flaxspinners" (c) ...	...	*Leslie*
CHORAL SOCIETY ...	"A Love Symphony" (c)	...	*Percy Pitt*
MADRIGAL	"Arise, awake" (c)	...	*Morley*
ORCHESTRA	"Overture to Mireille" (c)	...	*Gounod*

1910.

CHORUS	"CHRISTMAS ORATORIO"—Pt. I. & II.	...	*Bach*
CHORUS	"MAGNIFICAT"	...	*Bach*
CHORUS	"TE DEUM"	...	*Dvorak*
CHORUS	COMPLETE MUSIC TO "ROSAMUNDE" with Contralto Solo	...	*Schubert*
CHORUS	"THE GOLDEN LEGEND" ...	...	*Sullivan*
FEMALE VOICES AND ORCHESTRA ...	"Ophelia"	...	*Berlioz*

1910 (continued).

JUNIOR CHOIRS ... ...

a "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" (s) *b* "Wha wadna ficht for Charlie" (s) *c* "The Lament of Flora MacDonald" (s)	*Scotch Songs*	*a* "Slaves of the World" (s) *b* "Wind, gentle evergreen" (s) *c* "Gaping Match" (s)	*Rounds from the National Song Book*
a "The Greenland Fishery" (s) *b* "The Sheep Shearing" (s) *c* "The Tree in the wood" (s)	*Folk Songs*	"Sunshine" (s) "A Song of the Cornfield" (Action Song) (s)	*Ethel Boyce* *F. A. Keene*

FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Elfin Music" (c)	*Bantock*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Angel Children" (c)	*Paladilhe*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Hark, hark the lark" (c)	*Ernest Walker*
FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Fate of the Roses" (c)	*Chaminade*
MALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"The Winter it is past" (c)	*Somervell*
MALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"O peaceful night" (c)	*German*
VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY	"Christ our Helper and Life-giver" (c).. ...	*Bach*
VILLAGE CHORAL SOCIETY	"As Torrents in Summer" (c)	*Elgar*
CHORAL SOCIETY ...	"So soft and warm" (c)	*Cornelius*
CHORAL SOCIETY ...	"Who shall win my lady fair" (c)	*Pearsall*
MADRIGAL	"Cuckow" (c)	*Anon.*
MADRIGAL	"Flora gave me fairest flowers" (c)	*Wilbye*
BOY'S SOLO	"The Fisherman" (c)	*Schubert*
ORCHESTRA	Symphony No. 7 in C major (c)	*Haydn*

1912.

Orchestra	Overture " Nozze de Figaro " (c)	*Mozart*
Duet, for Soprano and Tenor	*a* " Thou and I " (c) ... ... }	... *Cornelius*
	b " The best Love Letter " (c) ... }	
String Quartette ...	First movement from Mozart's Quartet No. 1 in G (c)	
Vocal Quartette ...	" Golden Slumbers " (c)	*Walthew*
Female Voice Trio ...	" What can lambkins do " (c)	*Coleridge-Taylor*
String Orchestra ...	Second movement of " Peer Gynt " Suite 1, " The Death of Ase "	
Children's Duet ...	" Shepherd, Shepherd " (c)	*Purcell*
Violin and Piano Duet...	Sonata No. 3 (c)	*Handel*
Village Choral Society	" O friend of souls " (c)	*Bach*
Village Choral Society	" A Song of Rest " (c)	*Walford Davies*
Choral Society ...	" Music's Sweet Voice " (c)	*Max Bruch*
Choral Society ...	" June in Kentucky " (c)	*Luard Selby*
Madrigal	" Lullaby " (c)	*Byrd*
Madrigal	" Shoot false love " (c)	*Morley*
Male Voice Choir ...	" Keep Watch " (c)	*Brahms*

1912 (continued)

FEMALE VOICE CHOIR ...	"Cradle Song" (c)...	...	*Walford Davies*
CANTATA	"Little Sir Hugh" (s)	...	*S. H. Nicholson*
TWO-PART SONG ...	"Drake's Drum" (s)	...	*Coleridge-Taylor*
UNISON FOLK SONGS (Somerset) ...	"I'm seventeen come Sunday" (s) ... "The Coasts of High Barbary" (s) ...		*Arr. by Cecil Sharp*
OLD ENGLISH MELODY ...	"The Children are singing" (s) ...		*Arr. by A. M. Wakefield*
CHORUS	"REQUIEM"	...	*Mozart*
CHORUS	"THE CAPTIVE QUEEN" ...	...	*Sibelius*
CANTATA	"GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST" ...	...	*Bach*
FEMALE VOICES... ...	"BLESSED DAMOZEL"	...	*Debussy*
CANTATA	"BLEST PAIR OF SIRENS" ...	...	*Parry*
CHORAL PRELUDE ...	"OUT OF A SILENCE"	...	*G. Rathbone*

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